THE HISTORY OF IOSEPH.

A POEM

Written by DANIEL CUDMORE, *Gent.*

Say not, my hand this work to end hath brought,
Nor this my vertue hath attained to:
Say rather thus, this God by me hath wrought;
God's th' Authour of the little good I do.

Du Bart. in Quadrians of Pabr.

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To his much reſpected Vncle
Mr. ZACHARY CUDMORE
all health and happineſs.

SIR,

PRomiſes are due debt; you were pleaſed not long ſince, ſo far to encourage my endevours as to claim this Poem; which I (having nothing which I might truly arrogate to my ſelf, but you might juſtly challenge yours, as purchas'd by your favours) thankfully promiſed; and now at length, like Pharaohs *Butler, on the conſideration of your manifold Curteſies, being check'd to a remembrance of my promiſe, humbly tender, and with it (like the poor* Spaniard, *who when a Father of the Inquiſition deſired but the Fruit, preſented him the Tree) preſent my ſelf; accept this with the like candour of mind, as I devote it with it really, and I ſhall eſteem my hopes anchor'd in a happy Bay. If any upbraid me, being a Poet, with the fatall name of a begger, I anſwer with the ſweet Singer of Iſrael* Adhuc & vilior fiam, *ſo I may but herein do God the leaſt ſervice, and ſo render my ſelf gracious to your acceptance; nor doubt I but time may ſo midwife it, that hereafter I may tender ſome thing which may (if not redeem ſome of my engagements) yet induce your courteſie to forbear the debts wherein ſtands obliged*

Your obſervant Nephew,
DAN. CUD.

To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

Here preſent thee with the Hiſtory of *Joſeph*, which as I could ſeldome paſs over without tears, ſo I could not but digeſt them into matter through the Lymbeck of my Quill, though into ſuch a form as my more eaſie *Genius* lead me; 'tis a ſubject, I confeſs, which ſeems to claim both a more elaborate Brain, and a more accurate Pen than mine, yet ſhall I neither eſteem my labour loſt, nor my time ill-beſtow'd, if I may herein prove but the *Foyl* of thoſe who have writ more gravely on the ſame matter, that in my weakneſs may the more clearly appear their worth. If thou object, that in the paſſage between *Joſeph* and his wanton Miſtris, I have rendred my ſelf *Pathick* than *Pathetick*, I may anſwer firſt, that I have deſcribed her Paſſion in as grave a Wantonneſt as the tenour of her *broad expreſſions* would permit; Secondly, for the frequency of it, the Text tells me that it was her daily practice; Thirdly, I have an example from *Solomon* himſelf, who, (doubtleſs guided by Gods Spirit) ſets forth a Harlot thus in her courteous vanities; In the laſt place, I hope *His* modeſt anſwers which ſtruck, for the preſent, the impatient opponent dumb, will take off a judicious cenſure from reply. What I here preſent thee, is mine own, what thou haſt here is no *Crambes bis cocta*, no Page, *furtivis ornata coloribus*, nor can my fancy upbraid my Pen, as 'tis to be fear'd, God will one day our new compounded faſhions, *Hoc non eſt opus meum, imago meo.*

Farewell.

The hiſtory of Joſeph,

The Proem.

I Sing of *Joſeph's* fate, our *Saviour's type*,
Then *heaven* bee *auſpicious* to my *pipe*:
What though my *fancie's dull*, my *ſtile's unfil'd*,
My *Pia-mater* be an infant-child,
This be a task for *Angells*, each whoſe page
(If fully peraphras'd,) would crave an age?
Each *Angel* is my *muſe*, *Sion* the *hill*
Whoſe *ſacred raptures* ſhall *intrance* my *quill*;
And if divine *Apollo* tune my *harp*,
Let *Zoilus* cenſure, and let *Momus* carp.
Then, where the *Dove-like Spirit* daignes us matter,
Let *Owles* forbear to *ſcreech*, and *Pies* to *chatter*.
Here is a *ſtory*, each whoſe circumſtance
Is to b'aſcrib'd to *providence* not *chance*,
Compar'd to this all *humane eloquence*
Doth ſcarce deſerve the *bounteous name of ſenſe*.
Here is a ſtory, whoſe *ſublime invention*
So farr tranſcends mans *reach*, and weak *dimenſion*,
A ſtory here, whoſe *fancie's towring hight*
Doth ſoar ſo high beyond our *dull conceit*
All wits ſhould here their *conquer'd lawrels* bring,
Their *Helicons* are *puddles* to this *ſpring*.
Then *ſacred Three in One*, who in this ſtory
Didſt from mans wickedneſs procure thee glory,
O let my *weakneſſe tun'd in ſlender layes*
Advance thy honour, and *promote* thy praiſe;

Then I'll invoke no *Heliconian dame*,
If thou but *rariſie the ſmoakie flame*
That actuates my fancy, and but drain
From 'its polluted dreggs my youthfull brain.
My pen thus dipt in the true *Iheſpian ſtream*,
Thus do I proſecute my ſacred theam.

THE heav'nly regiſter of ſacred truth
Records old *Jacobs* age, bleſt with a youth
Joſeph by name; whoſe vertue from the reſt
Had won the chiefeſt room in *Jacobs* breſt.
Th' equall proportion of both face, and limb
(Requir'd in outward beauty) was in him,
So here, was that more noble *Symnetry*
A heav'nly heart, the rarer *harmony*:
For though no *Architect* will ever chooſe
The *ſtately marble* but to *noble* uſe,
And in a palace what a ſtately, gueſt
Is entertain'd, may by the pomp be *gheſt*,
Beautie's oft Bawd to vice, a heav'nly fiend,
Sin oft abounds where beauty doth tranſcend;
Whoſe *Angells image*, as it oft appears,
The ſuperſcription of the Devill bears.
Our *Joſeph's* lovely viſage ſome that viewd
Thought *Adams* native beauty here renewd;
His ſpotleſſe innocence by others was
Compar'd to *Adam* in his ſtate of grace;
For he muſt moſt be void of all offence
Who was the perfect'ſt *type* of *innocence*.
God who in mercy did to *Abraham* ſwear
That he ſhould vie a child with ev'ry ſtar,
Here of his promiſe as the *Intereſt*
Fixt *Joſeph* as a ſtar to guide the reſt.
Fixt ſtar? nay rather *planet*, ſince his fate
Was to be exil'd by his Brethrens hate.
Time now had writ old age on *Jacobs* skull,
And long ſince chang'd his down to rougher wooll,

Wher

When faint diſeaſe did on his members creep
Hee to his ſons reſign'd his charge of ſheep;
Joſeph was alway at his fathers beck,
Each frown, a wound did ſeem, a death each check,
And who but wondring ſaw that he ſhould bring
So full an harveſt in his youthfull ſpring?
Which much in *Jacobs* thoughts did him promote,
Who clad him in a *parti-colour'd coat*;
His Brethren ſee'ng their *Father* ſo inclin'd
At his indulgence proudly thus repin'd.
He's *Jacobs ſeed elixard*, we the dreggs,
Baſe chicken we, born of unhappy eggs,
Quoth one, we to no other end are born
But t'wear out wooll or to conſume the corn,
Joſeph the white hens chick, *he, Fortunes minion*;
His childiſh face hath purchas'd this opinion,
Yet is no more like to my lad (God knows)
Than is yon *cowſlip* to a *verdant roſe*,
A *Kid* t'a *Lamb*, my *Eve* to yonder Goat,
Yet he's inveſted in a gawdy coat.
Now ſince diſeaſe, which ſtill attends on age,
Confin'd had *Jacob* to an Hermitage,
And *he* whoſe diſcipline was wont to awe
His ſons, and give unto their deeds a law,
The *Sunſhine* of whoſe preſence would diſperſe
Such vapours, vice could here have no commerce,
Declining was, no wonder there appears
If pitchie vapours now did blot the ſphears,
Which *Joſeph* knew, when he in humble ſort
Vnto his father brought their ill report,
Yet not in baſe revenge, and ranc'rous ſpleen,
As is in ſome maligning Brethren ſeen,
Who ſtrive to raiſe the *Trophies* of their name,
And *Triumph*, on the *Tombes* of others ſhame,
Or ſome, as if their envie were ſo nice
To wound the Perſon, and to ſpare the Vice:
But *Joſeph's* heart with Zealous ſorrow bleeds
While to his father he rehearſt their deeds.
Nay, further thus, he did exaſperate
His Brethrens ſpleen, and mov'd their ſwelling hate;

 Quoth

Quoth he. *Dear Brethren, not a foggy ſtream*
From a diſtemper'd liver, no vain theam,
Ingroſt my fancie, when thus (by your leaves);
I dreampt, you and my ſelf were binding ſheaves,
My ſheaf (me thought) roſe up; all your's, in ſigne
Of duty, did obeyſance unto mine.
His Brethren ſtart and check him, how ſo plain?
And muſt thou thus become our King, and raign?
True; in your robes your *Majeſtie's* impall'd,
Oh how we long to ſee your *grace* inſtall'd?
A ſcepter for him no, thou ſawcy ſwain,
A *Rod* to whip thee to thy wits again.
Nay further, harmleſſe *Joſeph* did incur
Their hate, which needed not a ſecond ſpur;
Brethren quoth he, No aim to diſinherit
You of your Birth-right; 'tis no private Spirit;
My head like th' higheſt region of the air
From all ſuch Meteors is pure and fair,
I dream'd the Sun and Moon did with a troop
Of 'leven ſtarrs, unto mee humbly ſtoop.
No ſooner ſpoke, but all his *Brethren* rouz,
One ſtamps and fumes, another frownes and vowes,
Muſt Father, Mother, and we all eleven
Submit to thee! how long ſince cam'ſt from heaven?
When is your *Majeſtie's inauguration,*
King of your *country, Father of your nation*?
Theſe *Temples* are too ſtately to be bound
With roſie *Chaplets*, no, they muſt be crown'd;
Theſe armes of late too maſſie-grown to weigh
The worthleſſe ſheephook, muſt a ſcepter ſway.
Joſeph takes all with an unfurrow'd brow,
And mildly crowcheth with a lowly bow,
Anon unto his Father tells again
The heav'nly dreams of his inſpired brain;
Who though his ſon was yet in years but green,
It fills him more with wonder than with ſpleen;
Quoth he *Thine* and thy Brothers purity
Spark like a conſtellation in my skie;
In whom Vice ne'r could get a patronage,
Free from the ſins that do ingroſs this age,

But that I with the reſt ſhall proſtitute
Submiſſively to thee I yet diſpute;
This in the Brethren had ill blood begotten,
Which by hot rage was ſoon to rancour rotten,
And yet no opportunity had been,
That they might vomit their impoſtum'd ſpleen.
Time was when youthfull *Joſeph*'s Brethren fed
Their fleecy charge on *Shechems* flow'ry bed,
Anon-their wanton Lambkins further rov'd,
And they with them to *Dothan* next remov'd,
When *Jacob* calling *Joſeph* to his tent
With ſuch like words *him* to his Brethren ſent;
Run, and make haſt again, my darling ſon,
On whoſe lifes thread, *that*, of my life is ſpun;
I through whoſe Organs breath my life, and whoſe
Eys if long abſent, *mine* would quickly cloſe;
Theſe apples in thy cheek, my pretty page,
Are th' onely food that do ſuſtain my age;
Thou knowſt in *Shechem* now thy Brethren are,
Run, and bring how they and their flocks do fare.
Obedience, wing'd with loyalty now poſts
With nimble ſpeed to *Shechems* paſt'rall coaſts,
And finding not his Brethren there, he wanders
In crooked by-paths, mazes and Meanders,
Thus roved he perplex'd, till found by one,
Who told him they to *Dothan* late were gone;
Thither he bends, and might anon behold
His Brethren, and their flocks, as late was told.
One of his Brethren ſeeing him, in haſt
Cryes yonder commeth our *Enthuſiaſt*,
All with conſent giv'd way to headſtrong fury,
Sans the convention of the ſacred Jury
Of reaſon love, and faith, *Joſeph* muſt die,
Grim death ſhall caſt him in a *Lethargy*.
Then when he wakes let him with dreams out-brave
Our thoughts, thus ſlain let's caſt him in ſome Cave.
This ſaid thus ſtarts up *Reuben*, Heav'n forbid
We ſhould be guilty all of fratricide,
Forbear, the milder Citizens of th' wood
Upon each tree will carve this theam of blood,

Forbear, the Fiſh will loſe their being mute,
Each Bird 'gainſt murther quaintly will diſpute;
Forbear, our Lambs with bleating Oratory
When they come home will tell of *Joſephs* ſtory,
Our Heards miſcarry, and each pregnant Ew
Enix abortive Lamb-kins at the view;
Forbear, the raging winds will burſt their lungs
And in articulate tones pronounce his wrongs.
O be not taught by ſelf-experience,
Conſider *Cains* juſt curſe for this offence;
And ſince God is the ſame, can we expect
But like proceedings ſhould have like effect?
Yet if your charity cannot forgive,
Then let humanity grant that he live;
Into the pit let's caſt the ſilly Swain,
So ſpoke, that he might ſet him free again.
This ſaid, our nimble youth with active pace
Where they conſulted had attaind the place;
All ruſh on him God ſave our Soveraign ſheaf,
Nay prethee ſpeak not, reſolution's deaf;
Do'ſt bluſh? wee'l empty all theſe veins of blood
As clean as is thy ſoul from grace and good;
This is the coat, this that Majeſtick ſute,
To which we all muſt humbly proſtitute,
A coat of Sack-cloth for to expiate
Thy ſin, and to appeaſe deſerved hate,
Far better would become thee, thou ſhalt die,
Pale death ſhall cloath thee in her livery;
What, not a word unleſs you wear a Crown?
Pray knit your brows, wee'l tremble at your frown;
I prethee weep; I prethee ſigh, my Boy,
That we may dance, that we may ſing for joy;
Let's place him on yon-hillock, for a throne,
Then to his Majeſtie wee'll all fall prone;
Come, come, ſtrip off this coat, and next prepare
For to uncloath thy ſoul; why doſt thou ſtare?
Rapt in ſome ſtrange *Enthuſiaſm* we know;
Death, quoth another, ſhall intrance him now.
At this our youth grew pale, his blood retreats,
And to his heart a fierce alarum beats,

Knees

Knees bended, hands expans'd, erected eye,
All ſilent Rhet'rick of humility,
Got nought but this, We will without remorſe,
Of ſoul and body make a quick divorce,
Like poor *Abſyrtus* by his Siſter ſlain,
Or wretched *Itis* ſo he beg'd in vain:
Quoth he, I doe not uſe this bootleſs ſtrife,
For to obtain that worthleſs name of life,
I fear not death; yet Brethren pittie take
If not for mine, yet for my Fathers ſake;
Since ther's a God, to Heaven I appeal,
If I you hate, may not the ſtones conceal
But give me ſtrait the lie, my ſoul is white,
Black guilt on her ne'r could ſuch treſpaſs write;
If that it could then I would never grudge,
Nay ſhould my ſelf-condemn were I my Judge;
Had I deſerv'd death I'd yeeld to dye,
Juſtice ſhould ſwill untill my veins were dry.
Oh how his pittie-pleading eyes would view
Now ſadly one, then to another ſue!
Then to their unrelenting Breſts would fly,
Claſping their necks, Sweet Brethren pitty me.
The true imagination of his pains
Doth make my blood career within my veins;
When I think on't my paſſion is ſo wild,
I ſtart, and cry as preſent. Save the child.
My fingers fayl and in perplex'd demurs
Inſtead of words my pen indenteth blurs;
My heart doth quake, my joints are all benum'd,
My trembling tongue unto my jaws is gum'd:
Yet not for him alone, but for my Saviour
Of whom *he* was the type, with worſe behaviour
They uſed him of old, let every age
At once preſent their Scenes upon one Stage,
And all the miſeries in Hiſtory
Coucht in moſt tragick prodigality,
And in moſt gorgeous rhetorick expreſt,
Yet *his* but in their naked colours dreſt
Would ſhew moſt gaudy, ſuch as would inforce
Ev'n Pagans unto mourning and remorſe.

Anon

Anon our Brethren did deliberate,
Not to extenuate but defer their hate,
Till all the horrour of their wittieſt rage
Might wait on death in horrid equipage.
Mean while of *Reubens* counſell they admit,
And (void of mercy) caſt him in the pit ;
Where if they meant him meat for Wolves or Bears,
Or in the empty pit to drown in tears,
Or left him there a prey to greedy famine,
The text is ſilent, nor may I examine.
Mild *Reuben* joyfull that by this perſwaſion
He ſtopt their fury, thought by this evaſion
When the dark night might, with his care conſpire,
To free young *Joſeph* from his Brethrens ire,
Wherefore he cri'd I'm void from this offence.
Bear witneſſe heaven of my Innocence,
Now when they had left *Joſeph*, and were dining,
And in a bloody *ſynod* were combining,
They lifted up their eies, and might diſcern
A company, which they anon might learn
Were *Midianites*, whoſe trade was merchandice,
As *Gilead* Balm, gum, mirrh, and fragrant ſpice,
For *Egypt* on their bunch-back'd Camels bound,
Which ſeen, thus *Judah* riſeth from the ground ;
Brethren, quoth he, the blood in *Joſephs* veines
The ſelf ſame tincture with our own retaines,
And from the ſelf-ſame chanell it derives
As we do *that* which actuates our lives,
He is our fleſh, let not his blood be ſpilt
(Since murther cann't be hid) leſt that the guilt
On us and our poſterity intail
A curſe, from death let foreſight be his bayl;
Come then, let's ſell him to yon merchant-crew,
And then ſee what will of his dreams enſue ;
The Brethren all aſſent to this advice,
And one is ſent to barter for the price.
Quoth he, Good ſirs we have in yonder cave
A ſmooth-fac'd lad, whom you may buy your ſlave,
Whom we would ſell at reaſonable price
Of gold, or ſilver, mirrh, ſweet balm, or ſpice :

Mean

Mean while our youth (bleſſing their cruelty
That yet where God ſate thron'd he ſaw the skie)
Thus prayd, Great God of Angels, and of Man,
Who meteſt out yon heavens with the ſpan,
Who ſtretch'ſt them like a curtain, and canſt roll
Them up together like a Parchment ſcroll,
I've not deſerv'd this at my Brethrens hands,
Yet *greater*, by tranſgreſſing thy commands,
And ſince thou by the hate, doſt me reprove,
Of thoſe, of whom I moſt did hope for love,
'Tis juſt, 'gainſt thee I oft commit offence,
Who moſt of me expectedſt reverence :
Yet if I by my Brethren yeeld my breath,
O pardon me, and pardon them my death.
No ſooner had he voyc'd this prayer, when
His furious Brethren had approacht the den,
Whence having took him up by tackled cords,
Who look'd for nought but death, they uſe theſe words,
Look you, quoth one, look yonder are thy maſters,
Wee'll give thee time to weep at thy diſaſters ;
Forſake thy native for a forreign land,
Where this fair skin ſhall be Sun-parch'd and tand ;
Prepare theſe dainty limbs t'endure the gripes
Of hardeſt labour, and theſe ſides for ſtripes ;
Prepare this dainty palate to be parch'd
With thirſt, this ſtomach to be hunger-ſearch'd.
Quoth *Joſeph*, if you will not pitty take
For mine, nor *Jacobs*, then for heavens ſake
Here let me ſtarve, here let me dig my grave
Within this pit, O ſell me not a ſlave.
I'd weep ſuch characters, my tears ſhould trace
Such *water-works* upon my blubberd face,
Whoſe intricate *Meanders* ſhould out-vie
Trajans or *Buſhells* in *Hydrography*.
His mones no more appeaſe their raging minds
Than can a Sea-mans whiſtle ſtill the winds ;
But *him for twenty ſilver pieces ſell*,
And with a ſcornfull look they bid farewell.
As *Arethuſa* through the mazes led
Of the dark earth, through her incloſed bed,

At length makes paſſage, ſo my ſorrow ſwels,
O'r flows my Brain, and drowns my brinie cels;
Their names, and natures ſeem to ſuit each other,
Judas ſold *Chriſt* and *Judah* ſold his Brother,
And when I ſin how can't be underſtood
But that I'm guilty of my Saviours blood!
I ſold him, and he bought me, yet in vain,
For I each day doe barter him again;
Sins are too pregnant, that they ſhould appear
So far remov'd, only in *Plato's* year:
Their Brother by the *Patriarks* of old,
After our Saviour was by *Iudas* ſold,
Men are liv'd o'r again; O could our times
Non guilty plead from ſuch unnat'rall crimes!
For ſpurious vices are hereditary,
Though th' ages vaniſh, and the ſeaſons vary.
Now nights dark mantle had the world behung,
Nights Quiriſter her ev'ning notes had ſung,
And carefull *Reuben* thinking all ſecure,
Darkneſs at hand that might his care mature,
Unto his Brother hies, and comming near
He cries aloud dear Brother *Ioſeph* hear;
No anſwer made, unto a higher ſtrain
He tunes his voice aloud to rouze the Swain,
None but an *echo* anſwers, with his fiſt
Then thumps his Breaſt, leſt death and ſleep had kiſt,
Then carefull fear makes nearer ſcrutiny,
Believing not his ear, he truſts his ey,
And finding *him* not there ſadly returns
Unto his Brethren, rents his cloaths, and mourns.
The child is not, then I, I will not home,
But like ſavage Satyr hence will come,
Like a wood-Cit'zen, on the ſame accounts
With Bears and Wolves I'd dine and ſup by ounce.
You never ſuckt the Breaſts of Wolves or Bears,
That you ſhould be obdurate to his tears;
Since he is ſlain, where have you him inhears'd?
Which of you hath his guiltleſſe boſome piec'd?
Fear you not *Rachel* will appear anon,
And to our Father mone her murtherd ſon,

And

And with ſtrong dreams at night intrance his ſpirit ?
You for a bleſſing may a curſe inherit.
Had rage no other countermine in ſtore
Againſt contempt but death ? what could it more ?
At this they all ſtood mute, none was ſo bold
For to reply that *Joſeph's* bought and ſold,
Untill that one more boldly for the reſt
To mourning *Reuben* all the truth confeſt.
That done, the coat which they from *Joſeph* ſtript
I'th' blood of a young tender Goat they dipt.
Chriſts cloaths were parted, *Joſephs* dipt in blood,
May ne'r by them our Church be underſtood,
May ne'r our Church lie tinctur'd in her gore,
Not rent by Shiſmaticks, I heav'n implore,
Nor hereſies, may not that lovely Spouſe
Be tore'd, nor Goats upon that Vineyard brouze;
May ne'r the Boars on it commit their rapes,
Nor in their mud lie drunken with her grapes.
Now *Dan*'s inſtructed with a feigned prize
Of *Joſephs* coat to pierce his Fathers eyes.
Quoth he, Sir walking partly for to muſe,
Partly to gather hurdles for our Ewes,
I ſaw my Curr ſtrangely to breath the wind,
Anon this bloody garment for to find,
I doubt 'tis *Joſephs*, and I could not reſt
Till you reſolv'd what yet my fears ſuggeſt;
Then *Jacob* rent his cloathes puts ſackcloth on,
Doubtleſſe, quoth he, ſome beaſt hath torn my ſon,
Come grief unſluce the floodgates of my brain,
Break ope the ſprings, let forth the ſilver rain:
Hath age or paſſion drain'd my humours drie ?
What means within my brain this *ſtrangury?*
My brain's a barren cloud, though it have felt
The heat of grief 'twill not diſſolve nor melt ;
Me thinks now ſhould my dropſi'd skin deplore
My *Joſephs* death with tears through ev'ry pore,
I've heard great ſorrow's dumb and wanteth words,
But now griefs barren, and no tears affords ;
My brain and fancy both alike are drie,
I can nor weep, nor ſpeak my miſerie;

Would from the *North* I ſtormy ſighs could borrow,
Tears from the fleeting *South* to weep my ſorrow,
My heavy heart as moated round with led,
Doth lie within my boſome buried?
I've heard ſome have been nouriſhed by Beaſts,
Some children have been foſtred at their Breaſts,
Then, then, could not my *Joſeph's* inn'cent ey
E'n charm all Beaſts from their *Antipathy*?
Dans words did grate the griſles of my ears,
Crackt not my eye-ſtrings when I ſaw through tears
The Coat? O would it had been a diſguiſe,
But tears were not falſe glaſſes to mine eyes;
I'd weep the dregs of tears, theſe ſeem the froth
Of triviall grief, ſince tears cauſe childrens growth.
Come *Benjamin*, Now thou mayſt juſtly borrow
Thy Mothers name *Benoni*, ſon of ſorrow;
Th'art not ſo young in years, but canſt conceive
Of this our loſſe, how canſt thou chooſe but grieve?
Father, quoth he (then were his eyes afloat
When as he viewd the parti-coloured coat)
Do not all ſorrow to your ſelf ingroſſe,
You weep a Sons, and I, as Brothers loſs;
O would my tears were of that pretious rate
That they ſlain *Joſeph* could redeem from fate;
Joſeph's not loſt, I've heard you oft rehearſe
That *Enoch* had with God ſo neer commerce
That God did take him, might not providence
Have like reſpect to *Joſeph's* innocence?
If ſo, I've likewiſe often heard you name
How that my faithfull Grandfire *Abraham*
Would in obedience unto Gods command
His only Son, with an impartiall hand,
Offer to God, you've many, he no more,
Grudge not to ſpare God one of all your ſtore.
Quoth *Jacob*, Oh theſe hopes are counterfeit,
I'd gladly cheat my grief with ſuch deceit,
My fear's too reall, then his tears he ſhowr'd,
Doubtleſs, quoth he, ſome beaſt hath him devour'd.
Come, come, my children, weep with me awhile,
While that I lie like to a floating Ile

Soaking

Soaking in tears, come. and in Sympathie
Of *Joſephs* fortunes lend a bleeding eie.
Talk not of cloaths, this is griefs ornament,
Sorrow my food, and *Machpalah* my tent.
Would I had never ſeen theſe diſmall years,
Then ne'r had I thus dy'd imbalm'd in tears.
Grief be my *Sexton*, Sorrow toll my Bell.
Death my *Veſpillo* bee, Fates ring my knell,
My Nun-like ſoul is weary of her cloyſter,
So ſorrow ſucks my marrow, dries my moyſture.
In pitty of his tears, what tyrant keeps
His eyes from raining when an old man weeps?
With the *Venetian* ſorrow hath a Sea
Eſpouſed to my brain, *tears are griefs plea*,
Whoſe headſtrong torrent who can but affront?
What *Xerxes* can but guive my *Holieſpont*?
The *Midianites* as doubting a reprieve
Of their lov'd purchaſe ſtrait to *Memphis* drive,
Whoſe burniſh'd turrets as they did approach,
Shewd like ſome Saphyrs dropt from *Phœbus* Coach:
Whoſe lofty Pinacles tranſparent light
Did ſeem to mock the twinckling ſtarrs by night:
The Merchants willing to obtain regard
Of *Putiphar* Captain of *Pharoahs* guard,
And good opinion of their trading truth,
With humble Court'ſie thus preſent our youth.
Great Sir, quoth they, as we paſt o'r the plains,
It was our chance to meet with *Hebrew* ſwains;
At whoſe much importunity we bought
This youth, whom we have to your Lordſhip brought;
Aſſuring thus our ſelves, that if the grace
Of mind be anſwerable to his face,
So ſweet a face, ſo bleſt a *Genius*,
Is fitter for your Lordſhip, than for us.
Quoth *Putiphar* it argues not your thrift,
To tender gratis ſuch a worthy gift,
Let not your courteſie thus ſeem ſo nice,
Nor circumſtantiall, but tell the price.
Quoth one, the *Hebrews* askt Spice Balm, or gum,
But twenty ſilver pieces was the ſum;

At this the Captain ſtarteth How ſo cheap?
So rare a purchaſe for ſo ſmall a heap?
Were I a King, and ſuch a ſon had loſt,
I would redeem him at my kingdom's coſt,
Nay though twice *Egypt*, and though *Nile* did ſtream
In golden Cataracts, ſurpaſt a dream,
Though each ſand were a Saphyr on his banks;
Take gold for ſilver, for your love take thanks;
Theſe homely weeds do not beſeem my lad,
Thou ſhalt in ſcarlet, and in ſilks be clad,
Nor by extorting trialls will I prove,
How thou hereafter wilt deſerve my love,
Though I am not like thoſe that doe rejoyce
When that they buy, in nature, more than choice;
This ſaid, the multitude about him crowds,
Hee like a ſtar bemantled round with cloudes,
Or like a Diamond if richly ſet
In the circumference of a ring of jet.
You in his face might read whom he ador'd,
And in their viſage, whom they oft implor'd.
Now to his home the Captain brought his page,
Dreſt with the reſt in ſcarlet equipage,
Whoſe bluſhing cheeks natures freſh livery,
Did ſhame the ſcarlet with a nobler die;
Jove ne'r was ſerv'd by ſuch a *Ganymede*,
No falſe *Ixion* to his maſters bed;
What e'r he did, ſome *Angel* did attend,
And brought his actions to a proſperous end,
And for his ſake, his Maſters care and pain
Was ever recompence'd with double gain.
This ſeen, there's granted to his providence
The office of a ſteward to diſpenſe:
Where God's the ſuperviſor who will fear?
'Tis faithfull ſteward God's a treaſurer;
Succeſſe the midwife was, and gain the heir
And happy iſſue ſtill of each affair.
Envy at this repines, and madly ſhakes
About her horrid head her ratling ſnakes;
Her looks more meager grew, her limbs more thin,
And with her ruſty teeth begins to grin

At *Joſephs* Fortunes, *he* muſt drink a ſup
Of hers, as well as Fortunes pleaſant cup;
Among the reſt that homage did of duty,
And vow'd adorates were to *Joſephs* beauty,
His miſtris (fair *Templar*) tore the veil
Of modeſty, no counſell could be bail
For captive reaſon *Joſeph* gave the wound,
And who to cure't but *Joſeph* may be found?
Firſt reaſon to her fancy read this lecture,
Should this be known what would the Court conjecture?
Reaſon exiled judgment thus deprav'd,
Thou to thy ſervile vaſſall thus inſlav'd.
I grant ſweet *Joſeph* hath a peerleſs beauty,
But can his loyally diſpenſe with duty,
He owes his maſter *Potiphar* her Lord?
And fear'ſt thou not his luſt-reverging ſword?
But what quoth ſhe? let fore-ſight wait one age,
Youth ne'r to counſell ſues for Patronage;
Let fab'lous fears preſent their bug bear faces,
And marſhall all their horrours yet the baſis
On which my reſolution grounds my love
What terrour can but ſhake what fear remove?
Now this reſolv'd upon what ſlight evaſion
Hath critick reaſon, and what vain perſwaſion?
Wer't not for gifts this face perſwades alone
Since he hath eyes and ears, he may be won.
Pregnant with hopes impatiently ſhe tends
Till time might prove it Pander for her ends,
And long had ſweating luſt conſpir'd with fraud,
Untill fate Opportunity the *Bawd*
To ſuch deſigns, appointed time and place,
When ſhe uninterrupted pleads her caſe.
Dear *Joſeph* long with hopes my breſt hath teem'd,
Time long unfledg'd and ſlow wing'd hath ſeem'd,
Till they deliver'd by the Midwifry
Both of this happy Opportunity,
Which ſince it ſmiles on us, I hope my love
Shall not by coy neglect abortive prove.
Why ſtarts thou at love nam'd? why doſt thou ſcorn?
'Tis to and for love that we all were born.

Frown

Frown not but ſpeak yet ſpeak not while you frown,
I will not hear, nay pray, you ſhall not down.
What is it that thou feareſt? no ſpie waits
To fright our dalliance to diſtracted ſtraits.
Pray leave theſe niceties, and give a kiſſe
As happy *Prologue* to enſuing bliſs.
Come youth, I'll ſet thee in a ſhowr of gold.
And rain down Pearls upon thee; nay be bold:
Pray ſmooth this brow, theſe clowdy looks inform
That ſome diſlike is raiſing of a ſtorm.
Madam, quoth he, excuſe if I explode
This your requeſt, 'tis ſin againſt my God.
How can I then do this? this maſſie roof
That thus contains us is not thunder proof:
How can my loyalty break down the verge
Of reaſon, love, and duty? ſince the charge
Of all to me is granted, you except
What hath my Lord from me detain'd or kept?
Which would much aggravate this groſs abuſe,
So farre beyond remiſſion, as excuſe.
Now here was beanty, if he had been fond
Beauty with beauty here might correſpond.
Here were large promiſes, that might inchant
A ſtern refuſall to a ſilent grant.
Since heaven was his love, it is no wonder
If leſs he fear'd her frown than heavens thunder.
Not willing to deſiſt at this repulſe,
Our Amoriſt with ſecond thoughts conſults;
Firſt fearing leſt her faces nice peruſall
Might in the lad occaſion this refuſall,
Her glaſſe ſhe curſes, grief her heart doth gnaw;
I thought quoth ſhe, theſe beaming eyes could thaw
E'n froſt-congealed veins, and might ſuffice
To melt a heart though moated round with yce;
But I'm deceiv'd, by *Chemoſh* and yon light
My nayles could damn you to eternall night,
And on this face could act a Martyrdome,
Bite off this fruitleſs tongue, and hence live dumb.
Alas poor ornaments, deſpiſed treſſes,
Contemned promiſes, deceiving dreſſes,

Love

Love took me pris'ner, yet I could take arms,
And now what wit, what counſell-countercharms
Can exerciſe my love? love's ſpirit lies
Beyond the reach of all our ſorceries.
What patience can conceal't, What reaſon ſmother?
Falſe expectation is a curſt Stepmother.
With what an Uſury doth ſhe extort
An ages longing for a minutes ſport?
But joy with grief, Fate on one Bottome ſpins,
And pain and pleaſure often-times are twins.
Though Pain's the elder, yet to the forlorn
Anon Joy th'younger Siſter will be born;
On this our Lover Deifies Perſwaſion,
And with a Godhead ſhe inveſts Occaſion;
Shee'll try once more, though ſhame do countermand,
Though life with death in equall ballance ſtand.
Deſpair and Hope long in her Breſt conteſted,
Untill her mem'ry time and place ſuggeſted;
And now how ſlowly *Phœbus* ſnailes his courſe,
And draws his fiery Coach with founderd horſe;
The wings of flagging Time are clipt, he feels
The keyes of ſleep and death weigh'd at his heels.
Occaſion ſerving her, you may conceive
Our wanton Amoriſt thus playes the *Eve*.
Dear *Joſeph*, Fate and Fortune have conſpir'd
For to mature the ſute I late deſir'd,
Then let's no longer this our bliſs prorogue,
But now cloſe up our loving Epilogue;
Why looks diſdain aſquint? this forehead furld
In angry folds? Survey this little world,
What beautie's in the world (my type) ſurmiz'd
That's not in me more glorioufly compriz'd?
My Eyes dim *Phœbus* light, my Cheeks the ſphears,
And what deformed clouds on them appears?
Each beauty here's a ſtar, only from hence
My *Joſeph* doth diſdain their influence;
The Sun's all eye, the walls can do no wrong,
By palate, throat, two lips, four teeth and tongue.
Then fear no ſpies, theſe frowns ſhall never daunt,
They't but an *Introduction* to a grant.

What, fear'ſt the light? the windows ſhall be ſeeld;
Since love is blind, Come do not frown, but yeeld.
Quoth hee, What means this chat, this bootleſs flattr'y?
Remove your Siege, my Fort diſdains the Batt'ry;
O let your face and deeds be Relatiſts,
Where heaven, grace, and beauty in one twiſts,
'Tis a rare mixture, elſe for what's this face?
Your world doth want his Sun if void of Grace.
Is luſtfull *Sodoms* fiery doom forgot?
Or was't not heard? me thinks the room's too hot.
This Curtain's woven in too thin a loom
To bear out forked lightning, and this room
Not built of ſuch unmalleable ſtuff,
But the ſame God can thunderbolt it through.
What Mimick figures doth this Face aſſume
To ſet forth Paſſion? uſe this fruitleſs rheum
Diſtilling from your Eyes to purge your guilt,
For to this purpoſe all in vain are ſpilt.
On this *Iemſar* madly ruminates,
Fortune's a Strumpet, who, but Bawds the Fates?
Occaſion is a Traitreſs, 'tis no ſlander
If *Venus* be call'd Whore, *Cupid* a Pander.
Anon ſhe frets and fumes, vext with the pride
That ſhe ſhould be neglected, and deni'd.
Then rails on Nature 'cauſe her beauties vigour
Could not prevail, then threats her with this rigour.
Poor face, quoth ſhe, my nails could quote in ſcarrs,
And trace thy ſhame in bloudy characters.
Theſe Eyes, theſe Eyes, are Baſilisks, elſe ſure
Where they are thus avoided, might allure;
Then ſince that nought avails this idle breath,
I'll to my glaſs, and look my ſelf to death.
Weak Hair! How often have I thought in vain
That you in amorous guives could *Hero's* chain?
Are you thus ſlighted? can a ſervile groom
Break through your treſſes like a Spiders loom?
I'd gladly Reaſon re-admit my tutor,
And friendly counſell, as her Coadjutor;
But where ſome beauties cloy the appetite,
His ſets a ſharper edge upon delight.

Let reaſon chat, ſo with attentive griſle
Rough *Boreas* hearkens to the Sea-mens whiſtle;
For what! who but a leaden-ſpirited clown
Will fearfully ſtand bent at ev'ry frown?
True Reſolution hath my temper ſteel'd,
Which back will ſpring, till broke will never yeeld.
Long Summers crown the long expected primes,
And who will gain his ends muſt wait on times,
Where pleaſure's principall, pain paies the uſe.
Of Fate and Fortune now ſhe begs excuſe;
And *Love* with whom ſhe madly late conteſted
Is in his Deity now re-inveſted;
Who'll not endure Love's pecking Doves ſhall ſmart
For his impatience with his angry dart;
To thoſe that yeeld Love is a gracious Queen,
A tyrant to a refractory ſpleen;
Somtimes ſhe fears ſuſpition might diſcover
To *Putiphar*, ſhe was her Vaſſals lover,
And then what ſlight, or what inſinuation
Can free her from his juſt repudiation?
But Fear's a *Pigmie* dreſt in *Gorgons* cloaths;
To gain her ends ſhee'll break all nuptiall oaths:
On Lovers perjuries they ſay *Joves* ſmiles,
And *Love* is ſtill auſpicious to ſuch Wiles.
As did *Semiramis* once woo her *Nine*,
So likewiſe our *Egyptian Meſſaline*.
Occaſion ſerving her, you may ſurmize,
Thus makes her third aſſault upon her prize.
Look dear, how Time hath granted what I claim'd,
And Chance preſents the ſcope to which I aim'd,
Let's not delay, of my requeſt accept,
And in my graunt let Nature have her debt;
Thou to a Father wert a Child, I gather
That to a Child thou mightſt become a Father;
Pray do not thus diſcourteouſly impeach
Me as before, hear, till I end my Speech;
Yet in my ſuing looks if I were mute,
Thou mightſt moſt plainly read my loving ſute;
Regard theſe Tears, Pearls of ſo rare eſteem
Which *Pharoh*, if a Captive, might redeem.

What's here, ſhouldſt thou of envie take advice?
What's here deformed that thou ſhouldſt be nice?
Here's ſymmetry, no ill-proportion'd frame,
Nature and Art herein deſerve no blame;
My ſinewes active are, my ſpirits quick
Are as thine own, they'r neither groſs nor thick;
Which granted, ſpeak, who (but a ſenſleſs ſtone)
To ſuch requeſts as theſe would not be prone?
Madam, quoth he my reſolution's fixt,
Nor with ambiguous doubts at all is mixt;
Were you an Angell come from heav'n, and mov'd
Me to this ſute, I never would have lov'd;
Which yet I grant, conceive that Heav'n and Hell,
Things inconſiſtent, incompatible
Shall in harmonious unity combine,
Yet I one thought to your requeſt incline;
Though nature you with choyſeſt parts endows,
My ey ſhall never countermand my vows.
I hate not love, but that intemp'rate flame
Of burning luſt that thus uſurps his name;
Love at a heav'nly beam doth light his torch,
While heiliſh flames the luſt-allured ſcorch.
Much more than *this*, for ſacred love I'd ſpeak;
The text is old, the oratory weak.
Pray ſpeak no more, my ears do burn for ſhame
To hear your talk, my cheeks are all aflame.
Thus daily did our pathick Amoriſt,
The fair *Iempſar*, in her ſute perſiſt;
And *Joſeph's* truth, as bold was as her luſt
Denies to violate his faith and truſt.
Oft did his ears pump her invention dry,
And then her ſighes her meaning would ſupply;
And as ſome doe obſerve, the viſage keeps
The ſelf-ſame figures when it laughs and weeps,
So various were her paſſions, none could read
In *hers* where that ſhe ſmil'd, or wept indeed.
Had but the *Syrens* to *Ulyſſes* ſung
So ſweetly, as here woo'd *Iemſars* tongue,
'Tis thought *Ulyſſes* had, though ne'r ſo chaſt,
Broke through the yeelding Cable, burſt the Maſt,

His

His mens unſealed ears charm'd by her notes,
Had left their empty ſhip to *Neptunes* floats.
Now would ſhe ſtrike her Breſts, then otherwhiles
Weep tears would cheat even the Crocodiles.
Ne'r was a *Roe* more weary of her chaſe,
Ne'r timerous Hare to ſhun the Hunters trace,
Doubled more folds, or made more neer eſcapes,
Than to avoid her, he did vary ſhapes;
And when he ever would himſelf unmew,
Shee like diſdained *Echo* ſtill would ſue;
Or like his ſhadow, only had not fled,
Had he returned to her luſtfull Bed.
Iemſar at young *Joſephs* chaſt regrets,
Is madly malecontent, and thus ſhe frets.
Shall expectation longer dull my ſenſe?
Or I turn doo'r to racking patience?
Stoop I ſo low, and in my ſute ſo ſerious?
And is this Lad ſo ſullen and imperious?
Shall I, ſhall I, who was ſo nobly born
Thus prove a *Trophe* to my vaſſals ſcorn?
Shall I, whoſe words can either ſave or doom,
Thus live, as ſentenc'd by my ſervile groom?
Shall I, whoſe powrfull face was wont to bow
The ſtouteſt Monarchs to an amorous vow.
Be thus deſpis'd contemn'd condemn'd, rejected,
My promiſe ſlighted and my faith ſuſpected?
I'll make him know by dear experience,
What 'tis a womans fury to incenſe.
Women are *Angels*, grant to what they mov'd,
Deni'd are *Furies*, hate what e'r they lov'd.
But yet there are ſome hopes; perhaps this Boy
Is out of inexperience thus ſo coy:
A bold aſſault, perchance, may win the crown,
Then will I thunder if he dare to frown;
The ſweeteſt Wine hath ſtill the ſharpeſt lees;
And water heat, once coold will hardeſt freeze:
Seeing thus my reſolution hath decreed,
Let *Venus* or *Alecto* be my ſpeed.
Ne'r could our haunted youth have the enjoyment
Of eaſe or quiet, labour or employment,

But him ſhe haunts, at length he unaware,
Thus boldly ſhe anticipates his ear.
Look, dear, my care thy utmoſt hath outvi'd;
Why fly'ſt me ſo? ſweet give me leave to chide;
Was it not grief enough thou ſhould'ſt deny mee?
But thus likewiſe diſcourteouſly to fly mee?
Denyalls wound but where love cannot plead
His ſute through abſence, ſorrow ſtrikes him dead:
Dear, Why art thou and I grown day and night,
When I am moſt, then thou art leaſt in ſight:
Look Time o'rſhades us with a proſp'rous wing,
And but thy love could I wiſh any thing?
Frown not, ſince Fortune ſmiles, make uſe of ſeaſon,
Here is no blab to prate, then fear no treaſon.
Art thou religious? What is zeal but love?
And ſuch proficients muſt ſuch means improve;
Leave, leave this coyneſs, let not love be baniſh'd,
Make uſe of love, before this Youth be vaniſh'd.
This ſaid, our haſty lover is grown mute,
As was invention prompting a recruit.
Quoth *Joſeph*, Madam, leave theſe *Syrens* ſongs,
This pair of ears can dry a thouſand tongues,
They ne'r ſhall force a paſſage to my heart;
My reſolution goes beyond your art.
Then be reſolv'd, I wiſh you underſtood
Luſt ſtains the tincture of your noble blood.
Love is all valour, damned luſt a craven;
Love's *Embleme* is a *Dove*, but Luſt's a *Raven*.
More I could ſpeak.——and more he would have ſpoke
Had ſhe not luſtfully caught at his Cloak,
Who, of his Cloak, not chaſtity, bereft,
Fled, and his garment with his Miſtris left.
He gon, her blood through choler grew aduſt
Within her veins, black, as her burning luſt;
Where Luſt's the Mother, Hate is ſtill the Child,
Thus Love and Luſt are never reconcil'd.
Iempſar raves, no other pains ſhe felt
Than did ſome Witch her waxen ſtatue melt,
Her heart knockt at her ribs, e'n ſuch a pain
Did *Meleager* (Poets ſay) ſuſtain,

When

When that his Mother with her angry hand
Into the flames had caſt the fatall brand ;
Officious envy ſoon a lie ſuggeſted,
And ſhe as by ſome horrid ghoſt infeſted
Exclaim'd aloud, her ſervants at the noyſe
Approach'd, whom ſtrait ſhe greeteth with this voice.
Quoth ſhe, The ſlave on which *He* ſo confides,
Forſooth the Steward who our buſineſs guides,
Would raviſh me ; but by my outcrie chac't,
Fled, and his garment with me left through haſt,
Glad ſhe had dreſt her lie in ſuch a ſhape,
That he on her attempted had a rape,
She knew the Yonth ſhould from her Husband win
No expiation for ſo foul a ſin,
On which triumphing our incenſed Dame
Layes up the Garment till her Husband came.
He come, her mind our Lady thus diſcuſt,
As *Phædra* once accus'd her ſon of luſt.
With mournfull looks, moyſt eies, and hands expans'd,
Quoth ſhe, The Youth whom you have ſo advanc'd,
Had raviſh'd me, had not my ſhreeking tongue
More powerfull been, than my defence was ſtrong.
And as a witneſs of what he deſign'd
For haſt he left with me his Cloak behind.
This ſaid, the blood boyld in the Captains veins,
Rough Jealouſie ſtrait gave his rage the reins ;
Quoth He to *Joſeph*, is this lovely look
So fair an Index to ſo falſe a Book ?
Nay ſure old Nature doted, when ſhe ſhrind
Within ſo fair a Caſe ſo foul a Mind.
Hence, I'll ne'r truſt to beauty, ſince I know
Worſt thoughts lurk mask'd under the faireſt ſhow.
How I'm deceived. who would ever fear
A Devill mov'd within this ſplendid ſphear ?
I know the reaſon now, and will aſſent
Why faireſt flowers have ſtill the fouleſt ſent.
Is thy Religion but a feign'd diſguiſe ?
Is luſt the zeal that thus thy temper fries ?
Wert thou for this prefer'd, ſo highly fed,
That thou ſhouldſt thus attempt to ſtain my Bed ?

Could

Could none, could none, ambitious luſt, ſuffice
But ſuch a purchaſe of ſo rare a prize?
Hardſhip ſhall check this temper day and night,
Hunger ſhall quell this luſtfull Appetite;
Yet though thou herein wer't ſo malapert,
And this offence might cancell all deſert,
My rage ſhall not glut on thy fleſh for food,
Nor ſhall my furyes revell on thy blood;
Yet leave theſe robes that I may be reveng'd,
Theſe golden Chains for Guives muſt be exchang'd,
Theſe Rings for Manacles, for Tapeſtry
Darkneſs ſhall ſerve thee for a Canopy;
To priſon hence, whence hope for no reprivall:
Think'ſt thou my thoughts can brook my ſlave, my rivall?
Oft *Joſeph* thus began, yet when he ſpoke
The Captain on the Jaylour would invoke.
My grief the rigour of your doom exceeds,
That Fate hath interwoven ſo my deeds
With ſecrecy, that what my Miſtris ſaith
Beyond my truth, of all ſhould purchaſe faith:
Yet innocence is boid and I avouch
If e'r I ſo attempted her to touch,
May heav'n and earth againſt me both conſpire,
And may I ſtand the object of their ire,
If I were falſe, then as my juſt deſert,
May this right hand prove traytour to my heart.
To God who is, as innocent, ſo juſt
I do appeal, I never ment this luſt;
To him, that will both quit me for this blame,
And in the end make envy bluſh for ſhame.
Theſe notwithſtanding *Joſephs* vows and tears,
So Jealouſie ſtood in the Captains ears
As Centinell, that no complaint or mone
Could force a paſſage unto reaſons throne;
And thus no further brought unto the teſt
The Jaylour entertains his wofull gueſt.
Although a Pearl through glaſs more dully ſhines,
'Tis not the priſon Wall but guilt confines;
Where conſcience in the boſome runs atilt
Againſt the heart, the Jaylour *there* is guilt.

And

And if the body, not the mind be free,
What is that but a captiv'd liberty?
The greater world to ſuch, no leſs doth ſeem.
Than is the leſſer in the ſouls eſteem.
But innocence though in a narrow gyre
Is free as ever fancy can deſire;
Angels ſpread not more free their aery wings;
The charter'd Libertine of the Woods, not ſings
More free; the ſhip cuts not the ſilver ſome,
Nor Fiſh more freely in the Ocean come;
Nay Winds are limited, and Sea's reſtrain'd,
But Innocence is free though bound and chain'd.
Oft our impris'ned Youth his God implor'd,
And with theſe mournfull ſighes the heavens board,
Thou that art cloath'd with light; as with a cloak.
Before whom heaven vaniſheth like ſmoak,
Diſpell, O Lord, that wilfull ignorance
That would miſcall this Providence a Chance;
Lord, I have ſinned, and this heavy ſcourge
Thou plagu'ſt me with, was formed in my forge;
'Tis ſin, my conſcience, Lord doth ſo atteſt,
Betraies my freedome unto this arreſt;
So that I cannot ſatisfie my mind
Which of the *two* more ſtraightly is confin'd,
Either my *Soul* within this fleſh immur'd,
Or elſe my *Body* that is thus ſecur'd;
Thou, that for former ſins doſt *thine* correct
(Although *then* innocent) with falſe ſuſpect;
Thou who mak'ſt greateſt men, like ſtouteſt trees
At thy rebuke to bow their knotty knees;
Since ſin upon my Soul writes not this guilt;
Let mercy bayl, let not my life be ſpilt;
This of thee, Lord, I humbly do importune,
Who art far much above Men, Fate, or Fortune.
Our Youth in Priſon had not long been kept,
But that his winning manners ſoftly crept
Into the Jaylours breſt, and won ſuch grace,
The Jaylour captive to his Pris'ner was;
So ever did this holy Witch inchaunt him,
So ever *Joſeph's* good conceit did haunt him;

That he anon commiſerates the youth,
And makes ſtrange deſcants on *Iemſars* truth;
Anon his care by conſtancy matur'd,
Had ſo the Jaylour of the truth aſſur'd,
That to his providence, he grants at large
His keyes, his care, his cuſtody and charge;
Anon great *Pharaoh* highly was incens'd,
For thu- ſuſpition had her plaint commenc'd
His Butler and his Baker had compli'd
On him to act a poys'nous *Regicide*;
The King deter'd not, but on his attaint
Both were confined to a cloſe reſtraint;
Both to the ſelf-ſame priſon were conveigh'd
To which ſweet *Joſeph* lately was betray'd,
Whom ſo the Captain of the guard inlarg'd
That with the new-come Pris'ners he was charg'd,
Who for a time were both in priſon kept,
Till in a night when ſleep payd Natures debt;
Their brains had etertained ſuch conceits,
Whoſe reſolution drove them to ſuch ſtraits;
What ſhould theſe dreams import, whoſe ridling fancy
They fear'd ſurpaſt the rack of *Necromancy*;
With ſtrange imaginations thus perplext
They ſate revolving on the fancies text:
Till *Joſeph* came, who ſtrait in humble ſort
Thus asks what theſe demeanours did import,
Quoth he, what means this eye, late, quick, and full
So ſuddenly grow hollow, ſunk and dull.
Theſe fixed looks, what do theſe ſighs imply?
This viſage dreſt in ſorrows livery?
Grief vented much is eas'd, then tell the cauſe
On what you thus demur, and ſadly pauſe;
This night, quoth they, our troubled *Genii*
Have fixt ſo ſtrangely on our memory
Strange Dreams, beyond our powers to untwiſt,
And (worſe) we fear, of Charm. or *Chemoſh.* Prieſt,
This ſayd, quoth *Joſeph* heaven oft in Dreams
Preſents imagination with Theams
Of high import, inſpired fantaſie
Oft ſpeaks more true then weak Aſtrology;

And

And as 'tis Gods t'inſpire, I dare be bold
To ſay 'tis likewiſe *his* for to unfold ;
Weak ſorcery may feed you with deluſion,
Ne'r ſatisfie you with a true concluſion ;
Then here unload your thoughts to me, and I
I'th'end may prove your faithfull *Mercury*.
At this the Butler ſpeaks, then hear, I pray
Me thought one Vine three branches did diſplay,
Which firſt, me thought, did bud, then bloom'd abroad,
Then bore ripe cluſters of a pleaſant load ;
I having Pharaohs *Cup, before him ſtood,*
And in it to him cruſht their ſparkling blood ;
Quoth Joſeph *then, three branches are three days,*
Which time expired, Pharaoh *ſhall thee raiſe*
From up this Dungeon, unto former grace,
And ſhalt officiate in thy wonted place.
But then, quoth he, as this ſhall thus prove true,
So to the King for my releaſment ſue,
That I no longer thus, may ly inplung'd,
My ſpotleſs name by infamy expung'd ;
For I long ſince was raviſhed by theft,
Both of my Country, and my friends bereft ;
Then when you are to dignity reſtor'd,
Pray think on what I humbly here implor'd ;
Remember *Joſeph*, quit me from this blame,
Leſt I prove, ſhortly, nothing but the name.
From that ſin of Luſt, heav'n knows I'm cleer,
As is yon light that Chariots in his Sphear.
The Baker ſeeing the Butlers Dreams import,
Was of his re-advancement in the Court,
Quoth he, *I likewiſe ſtrangely dream'd, me thought*
As to the Court I three white Baskets brought
With bak'd-meats, and with other plenty ſtor'd,
Wherewith I might repleniſh Pharaohs *board,*
The Birds allured by the dainties fled,
And pickd them as I bore them on my head.
Quoth Joſeph *theſe three Baskets do preſage,*
When thrice the Sun hath paſt the azure ſtage.
The King ſhall from this Priſon thee conveigh,
And hang thee on a tree for Birds a prey ;

The third day *Memphis* with triumphall mirth
Held in remembrance of their *Pharohs* birth,
When that the Butlers innocent deſert
Was re-advanc'd, the Baker to the Cart
From Priſon was conveigh'd, and in this ſeaſon
Was hang'd in expiation of his treaſon;
Whoſe trunk allured many an aery gueſt,
Who ſeem'd in honour of the time to feaſt;
The Butler notwithſtanding *this*, forgot
Sad *Joſeph* that foretold his future lot,
As fatteſt fields yeeld weeds of fouleſt ſavours,
Ingratitude repayes the greateſt favours;
Since Pride, is Fortunes daughters 'tis leſs ſtrange
To ſee how ſoon *us* can Preferment change:
For they whoſe Fortunes flie another ſphear
Unto their Mates, ſtern Planets oft appear;
At leaſt deſpiſe them, or their Vows forget;
So Bells at firſt ſpeak thick, but rais'd are ſet.
So ſmall Brooks roar, but gaining depth of land,
Their ſwelling ſtreams are at a ſullen ſtand.
Twice ſwelling *Nile* his barren banks had drown'd,
And with his fertile ſlime inricht the ground,
Twice twelve times had the Miſtris of the night,
Lookt black, through abſence of her lovers ſight,
When that great *Pharaoh* on his couch lay ſtretcht,
And leaden *Morpheus* on his ſenſes watcht,
His roving *Genius* was entertain'd
By ſuch conceits, which, though his fancy feign'd,
Yet under them, he fear'd, was coucht a ſenſe
Of high Import, and mighty Conſequence;
When, ſtraight, he tryes the Charmers and their Spells,
Who all implor'd their wonted Oracles;
One woo'd the Stars, another pli'd the Tomb,
A third his Spirit charm'd, but all were dumb;
As when ſome did the *Delphian* Shrine implore,
When th'Oracle grew dumb, and ſpake no more.
On which the Butler being ſeen awoke
By racking memory, thus humbly ſpoke,
Great Sir, I cannot give my thoughts a truce,
Till I my ſelf thus to your Grace accuſe,

I with the Baker were accus'd long ſince
To have conſpir'd the death of thee, our Prince,
On which, as Traitours to the ſolemn Oath
Of our Aleageance, you confin'd us both;
When in one night, our fancies had impreſt
Such Dreams on memory, which to the teſt
Of Reaſon brought, drove us t'amazed ſtraights
Who might unfold their intricate conceits;
When to a fellow-pris'ners much requeſts
The Captains ſervant, We unlockt our Breaſts,
Who, the reſults both of my innocence
Foretold, and of the Bakers juſt events.
Pharaoh not asking why he was attach'd,
A haſty Meſſage to the Guard diſpatch'd
To ſet their Pris'ner free; who we may gheſſe,
Was brought to *Pharaoh* in a ſeemly dreſſe;
Who, now rejecting all the Magick ſect,
Thus ſpeaks to *Joſeph* with a mild aſpect;
Strange Dreams, this night, my Spirits have ingroſt,
Remembrance haunts me like an angry Ghoſt,
And I have heard thy Spirit is accute,
And canſt unravell Dreams beyond diſpute;
Now, couldſt thou lead me through this Maze, and Miſt
Of doubts, could'ſt thou my ridling Dreams untwiſt?
Quoth *Joſeph*, Then let *Pharaoh* hear me ſpeak,
Yet 'tis not I, but God, for I am weak;
Let fears all vaniſh, let debatement ceaſe;
My God ſhall to great *Pharaoh* anſwer peace.
Quoth *Pharaoh*, as I ſlept, this was my Dream.
Me thought I ſtood cloſe by a pleaſant ſtream,
I look'd, and from the banks I ſaw there climb'd
Seven Kine, fat-fleſh'd, and well proportion limb'd,
Which in a Medow neer the River plac'd,
Fed pleaſantly, and made a full repaſt:
Next, from the ſtream aſcending, I obſerv'd,
Seven Kine, ſmall limb'd, ſunk-ey'd, and hunger-ſtarv'd,
Who ſtraight devour'd the reſt that came before,
Yet ſtill remain'd ill-favoured, lean, and poor,
Then I awoke, and while I ſadly mus'd,
Where this were naturall, or elſe infus'd,

I know not yet, what vapours did condenſe
Within my brain, ſleep once more lockt my ſenſe,
When lo, I dream'd again, *One ſtalk ſuſtaind*
Sev'n eares of Corn, rank, good, and heavy-graind;
Next them, ſev'n eares thin, blaſted, and deflowr'd
Aroſe, which ſtrait, the former crop devour'd:
I told the Charmers this yet ne'r could learn
Of them, what theſe my dreamings did concern.
Great Sir, quoth *Joſeph* thus, *theſe ſev'n full ears,*
And ſev'n good kine, are ſeven plenteous years,
In which the earth ſhall in increaſefull crops.
Rejoyce the Husbandmen beyond their hopes;
The ſev'n thin eares, and ſeven ill-favoured kine,
Are ſeven years of Famine, I divine,
Which ſhall enſue the firſt, the Springs recruit
Be void, the Earth fail of her wonted fruit;
The Vine ſhall not her wonted Vintage bleed,
And *Nile* in nothing fruitfull but in weed.
The Dream was twice preſented, for to ſhew
That this eſtabliſh'd is, and ſhall enſue
Through God decree, now (by your Graces leave)
If I might counſell what I fit conceive,
Though I am ſhallow, and my thoughts I ſtill
Confeſſe, flag much below your Counſels skill.
Yet I might ſay, that oft (your Grace doth know)
To loweſt means we greateſt matters owe.
And though that no one can anticipate
The Heavens decree, and croſs the doom of Fate,
Your Grace may know there's by this warning meant,
That you this judgement may through care prevent;
Let *Pharaoh* make one of his wiſeſt Peers
Chief Maſter of the Corn the plenteous years.
Who may diſperſe his ſervants through each County.
To gather up *Ceres* ſuperfluous bounty
To a fifth part, while plenty ſo ſhall laſt,
Through riot that there be no ſpoil nor waſt,
Who where there are no Barns may give a charge;
To build where they are ſmall for to inlarge;
For great ſhall be the plenty and extream
Shall be the famine, as your Grace did Dream;

So

So ſhall you wiſely deal, like carefull Ants,
Whom Natures teacheth to prevent their wants;
Famine's Death's younger Siſter, 'tis an Elf
More terrible than War or Death it ſelf.
This liking *Pharaoh* well he anſwers thus;
Where can we find ſo fit a *Genius*?
So dext'rous as thy ſelf ſo full of merit,
In whom there is inſham'd ſo rare a Spirit?
So worthy of our confidence, ſo prompt?
Of my affairs here take the full accompt,
Who dares againſt my choice for to repine?
Or turn a Rebell to thy Diſcipline?
My *Genius*, my triple eye I ſwear
Thou than my other two art far more dear;
How joy refines my temper! oh 'tis ſtrange,
They erre that think Complexions cannot change.
Embraces diſtant are O would that Fate
Would grant we might more neer incorporate.
My wit wants words to ſet my Paſſion forth,
Or *Hieroglyphicks* to deſcribe thy worth;
Who dares with thee contest? there's greater none
Than thee but I that ſit upon the Throne.
So he late under an Ignorious guard,
Was now advanced unto high reward;
Pharaoh ſate at the Helm but *Joſeph* ſteer'd,
And in the ſecond Chariot was preferr'd
And ſome, according to the Kings Decree
Would run before him crying, *Bow the knee.*
So he, who ſeem'd in miſerie forlorn'd
His neck hath with a golden Chain adorn'd;
His finger decked with a precious Ring
Which *Pharaoh* wore as *Emblem* of a King.
Who in deſpiſed rags did lie of late,
Now in rich Robes walk'd in Majeſtick ſtate:
The *Bias* of all *Egypt* he, that drew
Their Inquiſition t'an admiring view:
The Court was but the Ring, and he the Gem,
As to a branch of *Egypt* Royall Stem.
All did ſubmit themſelves, and to the Court
As to a late deſcended God reſort.

Firſt, one would call him Father, and ſalute
Him with a preſent of his early fruit ;
In things of weight, one by his *Genius* ſwore,
A third in pain would *Joſephs* God implore,
The old (late weary of their lives) deſir'd
To bleſs their Eyes with him yer they expir'd ;
The middle ag'd would bleſs him, and the young
Unto him iſſue, in a num'rous throng ;
Rich, poor, ſtrong weak, the humble and the haughty,
All ran to ſee the Author of their ſafety ;
So he, on whom the heavens ſeem'd to frown,
Is now advanced unto high renown.
So he, who late in Priſon did obey,
Now o'r all *Egypt* bears a mighty ſway;
Our Saviours trueſt Type; ſo Chriſt aroſe
To ſave thoſe whom God of his mercy choſe ;
As *Pharaohs* love to *Joſeph* was inclin'd,
Hath God the Father to his *Son* reſign'd
All Power, hath *Him* from bonds of fleſh releas'd,
So is the Father in the Son well pleas'd ;
Hath at his right hand plac'd him, wills that wee
At *Jeſus* name ſhould bow an humble knee.
Thrice ten times *Joſeph* had ſeen *Ianiveer*
With double face to uſher in the year,
When thus he ſtood before great *Pharaohs* face,
And gain'd this meaſure of his Princely grace,
Which age, now for a boſome help matur'd,
Such was kind *Pharoahs* love, that he procur'd
Potipherah, the princely Prieſt of *On*,
To take his Countries Father for his Son,
His firſt-born was *Manaſſeth*, for I have
Quoth he, forgot how I was ſold a ſlave.
My preſent happineſs where e'r I come,
Makes me forget my Friends and native home ;
His *ſecond Ephraim*, for I, a ſtranger,
Quoth he, am fruitfull in a Land of danger ;
About which age our bleſſed Sacrifice
Having redeem'd us not with common price,
But with his blood, aſcended hence from *this*,
Unto a far more glorious world of bliſs ;

And for his ſweet belov'd, though he the groom
Prorogue the Mariage till the day of doom ;
He ne'r is abſent from the Church, his Spouſe,
Both by the Spirit dart their mutuall vowes.
Now 'gan the plenteous years, *Nile* at no time
Did ever leave ſuch fruitfull beds of ſlime ;
The Husbands pain though great, though fat the ſoyl,
Yet ſtill the fruit ſurpaſt their hopes and toyl ;
As if God through a gracious remorſe
Of mans great toyl, had here repeal'd that curſe
Of tedious barrenneſs, for here their ground
Did like a fertile Paradiſe abound ;
Fields that this Marſhes weep, that Fens did mourn,
With fruit now laught, and ſung with cheerfull corn ;
The weather ſeaſonable, no fierce rain
Egg'd on by Tempeſts, waſh'd away their grain ;
The heat was temperate, *Sols* gawdy torch
Did ſmile to ripen, never kiſs to ſcorch.
And now did *Joſeph*, like a carefull Father,
Againſt the time of Dearth begin to gather,
Conceiv'd how many ſands are on the ſhore,
So vaſt, ſo numberleſs was *Joſeph's* ſtore ;
Who, from the Kings Exchequer ſtor'd with Coin,
Fill'd up both Field and City, then would join
Barn unto barn, which large repoſitories
Stood long as Monuments of *Joſeph's* glories.
Now to prevent all riots he began,
Which ſtill deſtroyes more than a Famine can,
Corrupting plenty often is the Nurſe
Of foul diſeaſe, no bleſſing but curſe,
Time oft can witneſs, when abuſe begat
Upon ſo fair a piece ſo foul a Brat.
Sev'n times had *Sol* cheer'd the *Cymmerian* coaſt,
Twelve times ſo oft exchang'd his monthly Hoſt,
Since Nature like an ill-drawn Picture grew,
When it is pencill'd with a partiall view ;
Or an unconſtant Parent, whoſe love's blind,
And ſo imparts his ſtore by *Gavell kind*,
Since ſhe thus *Egypt* with ſuch plenty bleſt,
But prov'd almoſt a Stepdame to the reſt.

Anon (all things being hurried on the hinge
Of change, and ſubject to the fatall ſwinge
Of miſery) here Famine rays'd her ſtage,
And 'gan, as *Joſeph* did foretell, to rage.
Nile that was wont to drench their parched earth,
Now only flow'd in tears to weep their dearth;
As if ſome pore, or dry-exhauſting vein
Had drain'd that ſlime that ſhould refreſh their grain;
The Husband-man lamented, that his ſeed
Di'd not to live again, the noyſome weed
Did revell in his labour whoſe exceſs
Did riot in a fruitfull barrenneis;
Thus pin'd he, 'cauſe he liv'd a bootleſs ſlave:
Now might he with his Plough ſhare dig his grave;
His Prune-hook uſeleſs was, unleis the Fate
Of Dearth therewith he would anticipate.
Now Famine had preſented her firſt ſcene,
Which made the frighted Country-man to glean
His late neglected fields; and that is priz'd
As a rich Harveſt which was late deſpis'd;
Another greedily would ſcrape the dough
That lay neglected in her kneading trough;
That face, which had Natures freſh liv'ry worn,
And ſhew'd as verdant as the roſie morn,
Now full-fac'd plenty had the Land forſook
Famine diſplay'd pale colours in each look,
All walking like to naked *Skeletons*
Unto their Fellows made their heavy mones;
Some in the ſtreet did reel, how could they tread
A ſteady pace, that lack'd the ſtaff of bread?
Now all neer famiſh'd, and their gleanings done,
With trembling ſteps they all to *Pharaoh* run,
As to their Father, making their complaint,
While ſome through weakneſs in his preſence faint.
Great Sir quoth one, look how our beautie's blaſted,
Our ſtrength is ſpent, our ſpirits are exhauſted,
Our young ones ſtarve, our abler ſtomacks feed,
(Unleſs thou food ſupply,) on graſs and weed;
Obſerve how Dearth mocks Death, our nether jawes
Hang down through weakneſs, while we plead our cauſe;

Look

Look, look, how ſome would ſpeak, but their faint lungs
Stop the intendments of their clammy tongues;
Grant, and diſmiſs us, for we here reſort
Not for to make a Charnell-houſe thy Court.
The King prick'd with remorſe of *Egypts* want,
Thus mildly condeſcends his Princely grant,
Quoth he, go, and what *Joſeph* ſhall injoyn
Obey, doubt not, his ſpirit is divine.
That ſaid, they croucht their thanks, have you obſerv'd
How that a Falcon through neglect neer ſtarv'd,
Soon as her Keeper comes within her ſight,
Both makes an eager, though a ſlug-like flight,
Unto her prey, and though her limbs be weak,
Shee fiercely tugs it with her ragged beak;
So the *Egyptians* in a numerous preſs
To *Joſeph's* Palace, make their full addreſs,
Some dumbly paſſionating begg'd, ſome kiſt
His feet, who op'ning all his ſtore diſmiſt
Them all without a rigorous diſpute,
With a glad burthen of their purchas'd ſute.
Now *Egypt* in this fatall time of dearth
Remain'd the onely Store-houſe of the Earth,
The worlds chief Granary, of grain the ſole
Exchequer of each Land from Pole to Pole;
Ev'n *Canaan* on whoſe rich abounding ſtore
Once lived thirtie Kings, muſt now implore
Her neighbours help, glad if ſhe might in peace
Be made partaker of her bleſt increaſe;
Among whom (ſo did Providence deſign)
Old *Jacob* and his Sons began to pine
Through dearth; the palat late ſo liquoriſh,
Would gladly banquet on a common-diſh;
Oft *Jacob* ruminates and weighs the cauſe
Why were all Kingdomes offer'd to the jawes
Of Famine, then concludes they'r juſtly curſt,
Since they ſuch monſtrous ſinners long had nurſt;
Then would he doubt leſt that his Childrens ſin
Had brought this Curſe on fertile *Paleſtine*.
Then ſeeks with Sacrifice for to appeaſe
The heavens wrath, ſo might their fields increaſe;

Diſtruſt he would not, for he did believe
God would redeem him with a ſafe reprieve,
Who promis'd that his ſeed (though death did rage)
Should have their Country for their Heritage;
While thus imagination had ingroſt
His ſenſe, and fancy thus divinely gloſt;
He calls his ſons, to whom, you may ſuppoſe,
His ſmother'd thoughts old *Jacob* did diſcloſe.
My Sons, quoth he, you know our Corn is ſpent,
And little's left either in Field or Tent,
Our plenty-pregnant ſins have now at laſt
Brought forth a Dearth, the mighty *Protoplaſt*
Mov'd by our monſtrous ſins hath ſtrongly ſeel'd
The heav'ns with braſs, and th'earth beneath hath ſteel'd:
And Death and Famine two remorſleſs Mates,
Triumphing ride, and knock at all our gates;
Thoſe dainties fail that fed our glutt'nous luſt,
Our chalkie teeth have loſt their unctuous ruſt,
Why do you whiſper thus, why do you gaze
One on another? let your Lambkins graze.
There's Corn in *Egypt*, goe and buy, my ſons,
That we may live, we and our little ones.
You know our fruitfull fields forbear to teem,
We ſtarve, unleſs your ſpeedy care redeem;
Go, and make haſte my ſons, your Brothers pain
Shall be redoubled till you come again;
Your Sheep ſhall feed upon their pleaſant grounds,
No Goat ſhall rove beyond his wonted bounds,
No Dog ſhall fright, no rav'nous Beaſt purſue
With fearfull flight a Kid or tender Ewe.
No dull delay could their intents adjourn,
But when ſtout *Chauntiecleer* had wak'd the morn,
The careſull Brethren with a ruſtick port
Knockt to fair *Memphis*, then to *Joſephs* Court;
For he it was who did diſpenſe the Corn
To thoſe whom meager Death had made forelorn.
Anon to *Joſeph* they themſelves addreſt
With great ſubmiſſion, and with lowly creſt
The proſtrate *Ten* unto his Lordſhip croucht,
In every look humility was coucht,

Whom

Whom *Joſeph* knew, yet he his paſſion checkt,
And ſtrangely views them with a ſtern aſpect;
And thus began What are you, and from whence?
Under what clime have you your reſidence?
Quoth they, Great Maſter, *Canan* is our home,
Hither to buy food are thy ſervants come.
Their lowlineſs remembring him the truth
Of his preſaging Dreams while yet a Youth.
Now might pale rancour ſwell, revenge inſult,
And malice might demand no common mulct,
And envy by that ſeeming Juſtice backt
Of like for like, might proudly now exact
Great recompence, a Dungeon well might ſit
Their cruelty that doom'd him to the Pit;
The law of Nature now might ſeem to crave
As they had him, ſo he ſhould them inſlave;
And in remembrance of their flouts, in ſcorn
Diſmiſs them hopeleſs, and deny them Corn.
Where envy is the memories Recorder,
Expect proceedings in remorſleſs order;
But he ne'r entertain'd *Her* as a gueſt,
Much leſs a Tenant, in his peacefull Breſt;
Their ſight his pitty, not revenge begate,
His blood did daunce for joy, not boyl with hate;
Yet though his bowels did through paſſion yern,
As were his looks, thus his reproofs were ſtern.
Quoth he, what made you hither to repair
To leave your own, to breath a forreign air?
How careleſs is our guard? how have they watch'd?
That ſuch ſuſpitious Spies paſs unattach'd?
Y'are Spies, our tortures ſhall the truth extort,
Why you thus ſaucily approach our Court;
You come to ſpie our weakneſs, you ſhall feel
What ſtrength our Country hath, perhaps our Steel.
Our ſins makes God ſeem ſtrange, as clouds we ſee
Shrowd th'ey of heav'en, ſo ſin Gods heav'nly ey;
Or if but ſeen his cheeks with an anger glow,
Wrath's on his ey thron'd, ruin on his brow,
And while they ſin, as Traitors he attaints
Unto his Covenant, his deareſt Saints.

The Brethren ſtarted at theſe thundring words,
The active blood within each body curds,
Quoth they, let not your Lordſhip this impute,
Nor miſ-interpret our unfeigned ſute,
We all the tincture have of one mans blood,
Who hither hath us ſent to buy ſome food,
And ſo let heaven with thy ſervants deal,
As we intend unto your Common-weal.
Wee'll have the truth of this upon the racks,
Quoth he, your ſute, your Aſſes and your Sacks
Are meer pretences, you are all but Spies,
Theſe ſpecious colours cannot blind our eyes.
We're twelve, quoth they, and by one man begot,
The youngeſt is at home, and one is not,
We are no ſuch, that to ſuch ends do come,
Hither to buy food are thy ſervants come;
Let not your Lordſhip trample miſerie;
Pity a ſtrangers privilege ſhould be;
O do not cenſure, w'are ſo innocent
We ſcarce conceive what by your words is meant;
If want be treaſon, and to come to buy
Food be invaſion, then we come to ſpy.
Y'are Spies, quoth he, vain words no longer urge,
They are too empty this your guilt to purge,
Since you no other voucher can produce
To prove your truth, but only this excuſe,
My Sentence, like my words, none may revoke,
Send for that youngeſt Son of whom you ſpoke;
Unleſs that Brother prove your evidence,
By *Pharaohs* life yee ſhall not part from hence,
Send one, mean while ye ſhall be all reſtraind
To prove if that your words be true or feign'd,
But if th'event convince you of a lie,
Why then by *Pharaohs* life ye come to ſpie.
Now were the Brethren all impriſoned
Till thrice the Sun had left *Aurora's* bed;
When thus his Lordſhip ſpake, Sirs if y'are true,
Doe this, I fear a God as well as you,
If your cauſe ſpring from an unfeigned ſource,
No falſe injuſtice ſhall divert its courſe;

If

If true, you blunt, if falſe, you whet the edge
Of our proceedings, leave one as a Pledge
Of our return, yet ſee you doe not fail,
None but that Brother proves your pledges bayl.
Now conſcience like a wound by time o'r-skin'd,
(Launc'd by the memory of what they'd ſinn'd)
Grew to an Ulcer, which ſeem'd ſound before,
And guilt, like *Ixions* Vultur gripes the ſore;
Croſſes the Midwives to the conſcience be,
From the groſs womb of dull ſecurity;
As *Sols* fierce heat diſſolves the ycie plain,
That drowns the murmur of the roaring main;
So croſſes ſoon the frozen heart-ſtrings thaw,
As if a flaming Hell were in the Maw,
Heart-gnawing Vultures gripes are not ſo fierce
As thoſe, that do a frighted conſcience pierce;
Like a fierce lightning which doth frie at once
The marrow, and incinerates the bones.
No Tyrants cruelty, nor are the phangs
Of rav'nous Beaſts more horrid than thoſe pangs,
Which now the Brethren knew, when that they felt
Their wounded hearts even in their Breſts to melt;
Brethren, quoth one would we could *that* forget
Which doth our conſcience-ſcared heart-ſtrings fret,
When we (O horrid piacle inroll'd
In heavens notaries) our Brother ſold,
Tyrants had wept, but we would not condole
The bitter anguiſh of his troubled ſoul;
This Curſe our Brother did to us bequeath,
Whom we undoubtedly betrayd to death;
The fact was haynous, and the ſin moſt groſs,
So here is rage for rage, and croſs for croſs;
Me thinks, as yet, his mones do pierce my ears,
My heart drops blood, faſt as his ey wept tears;
Our ſcourging conſcience more doth tyrannize,
Than did our rage upon ſo weak a prize.
This ſaid, quoth *Reuben*, Brethren, ſpake, not I
(Soon as I heard your Plot your Tragedy)
Although I fortun'd not to intervene,
When you were acting of that rigid Scene.

O ſpare the Child, but you prov'd to my plea
As deaf and unrelenting as the Sea;
Bondage is *Bawd* to death, I fear whoſe kniſe
Made quick abridgement of his tender life;
We juſtly bondage fear, and which is worſe,
His blood may challenge blood, a greater curſe,
Little the Brethren thought that their remorſe
Of Conſcience, their language and diſcourſe
His Lordſhip underſtood, whoſe meanings were
Deliver'd them by an Interpreter;
Who now no longer could his paſſion ſmother,
But as in Tydes one wave purſues another,
Oft ceaſing not, till in their rolling ranks
They drown all Barriers and fencing Banks;
So at each circumſtance his paſſion higher
And higher ſwell'd, then did ſo high aſpire,
That he retiring could not tears refrain,
But through his eyes diſcharg'd his troubled brain;
Who though the rain was paſt, would yet allow
Some frowning clouds to triumph on his Brow.
Anon quoth he returning to the room,
Your reaſon's woven in too thin a Loom,
To take our faith, my will by oath is ſeal'd,
By vow my ſentence not to be repeal'd;
Since you no other evidence a lege
To prove your truth, thus will I chooſe my pledge;
Before them all then *Simeon* was bound;
Ev'n thus, quoth he, the truth I'll juſtly ſound
Of your intents, you gain no further grace,
Unleſs that younger Brother ſee my face;
That youngeſt Brother only ſhall redeem
This Brother bound then traffick with eſteem.
Why do you whiſper thus? ſpeak, if your cauſe
Be juſt demur not thus, *Truth needs no pauſe.*
Now had he charg'd the Steward of his Treaſure
To fill their Sacks with Corn in bounteous meaſure,
To ſtore them for the journey, and to pack
Their Money in the mouth of each mans Sack.
Their Aſſes loaden, now you may conceive
With humble promiſes they take their leave,

And

And leſt old *Jacob* might through *their* delay
Doubt leſt *they* might prove an untimely prey
Unto ſome danger leſt his hopes might bleed
T'a lingring death they make the greater ſpeed.
Now at his Inne as each his Aſſe did bait,
Opening their Sacks, their Money in full weight
Was in their Sacks mouth, much they did reſent
With ſad amazement that ſtrange accident;
One doubted *Egypts* ſpells, another fear'd
Th'abuſed *Medium*, which another clear'd;
A third non-payment, and a fourth purſute,
But all concluded in confus'd diſpute;
But all grant 'twas an act that God had wrought,
Which ſhould b'unravel'd far beyond their thought.
Conceive them now at home, where, you may gheſs,
They tell their Father of their ſad ſucceſs;
Dear Sir, quoth one, the Maſter of the Land
Dealt roughly with us, and began to brand
Us with the name of Spies, as ſome that aim'd
To ſearch their weakneſs, which we all diſclaim'd,
We humbly all our ſute for Corn inferr'd
As witneſs of our truth, and more averr'd.
We're twelve, quoth we, and by one man begot,
The youngeſt is at home, and one is not;
Excuſe, nor plea, could not maintain our cauſe,
But *He* th'advantage taking of that clauſe,
The youngeſt is at home, thus aim'd to prove,
Where we were ſuch that to ſuch ends did rove;
Quoth he, where either you ſpeak truth, or feign,
I'll doe no more than Juſtice ſhall maintain;
Take for to nurſe your houſes and be gon,
And come not here without that youngeſt Son.
If y'have at home a Brother, as you ſpoke,
That labours with you under the ſame yoke
Of filiall duty, if you here approach
Sans him, as Spies, no doubt, you now encroach,
And that you may conceive, how far your wit
Shall fail of our ſuſpect you to acquit,
Let one of you, here, as your Pledge reſide
Till your return, ſo ſhall your truth be tri'd.

You me, quoth mourning *Jacob*, have beguil'd
Of *Simeon* now, and *Joſeph* whilſt a Child;
And think you with this ſlight me to ſupplant?
To take his Brother? This I cannot grant.
At this, quoth *Reuben*, let my Sons be ſlain,
If I return thy ſon not ſafe again;
Both *mine* I'll ſacrifice unto thy rigour,
If that he come not home, in perfect vigour.
My Son, quoth *Jacob*, ſhall not hence go down
To be a prey to thoſe of *Memphis* town,
The journey's dangerous, and at each pace
Death may arreſt him with his Ebon Mace;
Oh be advis'd, my ſons, when *Joſeph* di'd,
My Soul neer ſayl'd forth with his purple tide;
And ſhould his Brother fail, the ſelf ſame dart
Would cut the Cables of my an'chring heart,
Or weigh it from my boſomes anchorage;
Deliberate, take pitty on my age.
Now *Jacobs* Corn was ſpent, and yet this year
Small ſhew of future harveſt did appear,
Who calling for his Children, thus began;
My Sons, quoth he, life, which ſome tearm a ſpan
Dearth will t'an inch reduce, and we ſhall wax
(Being Famine-ſuck'd) as empty as our Sacks.
Again go buy ſome food, there's yet ſmall hope
That th'heavens will their wonted fatneſs drop;
Your Brother ſhall take care, that while you want,
No rav'nous Beaſt neer to your folds ſhall haunt.
At this, quoth *Judah*, *Egypts* Maſter ſwore
He neither would our Brother bound reſtore,
Nor yet ſupply our wants, untill thy Son
Appeard before his face as we have done;
If he be ſent we'll go; ſince here are graves,
Why ſhould we hence to dy *Egyptian* ſlaves?
Quoth *Iacob*, why ſpoke you of *Benjamin?*
Now ill betide ſuch an unnat'rall ſin,
You might the matter with more judgement wave,
Unleſs you meant to hiſs me to my grave.
Dear Sir, quoth they, with us *He* ſubtly dealt,
And roughly asked of us where we dwelt,

Then

Then of our Kindred, and our Fathers life,
Then of the youngeſt ſon began the ſtrife,
Who thought ſuch ſtrife would from theſe words ariſe,
The youngeſt is at home, through his deviſe?
Dear Sir quoth *Iudah*, if we thus divide,
We ſhall be guilty *all* of *ſuicide*,
Since, though w'are brought unto thoſe exigents,
God to prevent our Dearth the means preſents;
Of me require him, may my hopes be rackt
On all extremities, thy rage compact
With danger to o'rthrow me, may my name
Be henceforth branded with eternall ſhame
T'have ſlain my Fathers joyes, if that the Swain
Be not ſafe to thy Boſome brought again:
If thou hadſt ſent him, which thou wouldſt not grant
We now had laught with ſtore, who weep through want:
Our Sacks that now exhauſted are, and empty,
Repleniſh'd with our care had ſwell'd with plenty.
Well then, quoth *Jacob*, ſince it muſt be ſo,
And that I muſt thus needs embrace my woe,
Goe take a Preſent for the man, *the favour*
Oft of a little brings the greateſt favour.
He may your Brother from his Bonds releaſe,
Send you repleniſh'd home, my Son in peace;
Take Nuts and Almonds, Myrrhe, ſweet Balm, and Hon
And leſt there were miſtakes, take double Money.
Dear Image of thy ſweet deceaſed Mother,
Sweet relique of thy too too ſoon ſlain Brother,
By Natures ſecret and unknown inſtinct,
Thine to my cords of life, are ſtrongly linckt
In a firm Union, ſoon again return,
Leſt ſoon thy abſence hiſs me to my urn.
Ev'n as a friend who till his ey-ſtrings fail
Stands viewing of his Friend late under ſayl,
As if his feet unto the ſhore did grow,
Firſt points him out as ſmall as is a crow,
The maſt to th' diminution of a hair,
Till all diſſolv'd are quite from that to air:
So *Iacob* though his Suns began to ſet,
And that through age almoſt his ey-lids met,

Long correſpondence with their motion kept,
Then out of ſight he turn'd his head and wept.
Omit their weary journeys *tedium*,
Cold fear already did their ſenſe benumn,
For now they ſaw (ſo may your fancy prompt)
Fair *Memphis*, Arts chief pride, and Natures pomp,
Who now with Country gates, and ruſtick greets
To the nice Citizens, knockt through their ſtreets:
Then did they all to *Joſeph's* Palace plod,
Each one approaching with a ſubmiſſive nod;
Soon *Joſeph* at firſt-ſight his Brother knew,
Soon joy and fear their tears began to brew;
Then charg'd the Steward of the houſe to haſt,
For they at night with him ſhould take repaſt;
Long had they not attended, till a Groom
Conducted them into an inner room;
When Conſcience to its former rigour grew,
And Fear of danger pierc'd the wound anew,
Fear made ſtrange deſcants, and few could conclude
Why they, in manners rough, in habit rude,
Were uſed kindly thus, unleſs to cloak
Their cloſe intents to ſeiz them, and to yoak
Them as their ſlaves, or how God had diſpos'd
About the Money in their Sacks inclos'd.
Whereof they fearing now a rough inqueſt,
Themſelves to *Joſeph's* Steward thus addreſt;
Sir, long it is not, ſince with full-ſtufft Sacks
We left the noiſe of *Nilus* Cataracts,
Since we t'your Maſter ow'd, we are not brought
(Being Dearth exhauſted) to our former nought,
But fears have mixt ſweet joy with ſow'r conceit,
We in our Sacks our Coin found in full weight;
Of this event we often have revolv'd,
Which yet ſtands undetermind, unreſolv'd;
Pitty with caſuall errors oft diſpenſeth,
While cruelty miſtakes, as fauls commenceth;
Unleſs we much miſtook, our money weigh'd
In equall ballances we truly pay'd,
Yet that we payd it, we will not aver,
For memory is frail, and we may erre,

But

But faults are loſt i'th' name of Innocence,
Since what e'r hap'ned 'twas not meant offence;
Deceit could not advantage, ſince we knew
We ſhortly muſt our former ſute renew,
Great Sir 'twas no impoſture, for, *What ſtranger*
Is ſo fool-hardy as to play with danger?
Then here accept your due, and grant our ſute
On like Conditions for a new recruit.
Sirs, quoth the Steward, to remove your terrour,
There was no falſe deceit, nor caſuall errour,
I had your coin, nor will deſerve the curſe
To take th'advantage on a ſtrangers purſe;
I had good weight, as you had bounteous meaſure,
Then traffique with eſteem, and trade at pleaſure;
Your God, your Fathers God, whom you adore
Did each mans Money in his Sack reſtore;
None ſhall your perſons hurt. your ſtate impair,
Our actions, like your faces, ſhall be fair;
And you(his Lordſhip ſeldome grants this boon)
Muſt at my Maſters table dine at noon;
Half all mens hearts are *His*, mil'd courteſie,
That wins each heart, ſits ſmiling in his eye.
As token that his Lordſhip thus was pleas'd,
Their Brother *Simeon* was ſtraight releas'd,
Who, unattended with a ridgid Mace,
Was now ſaluted with a glad embrace;
Now were a little of their fears ſuſpended,
And they to *Joſeph's* Houſe were all attended;
One brought in water with a courteous greet,
To waſh their journey-dirt-bedaubed feet,
One dreſt their Aſſes, in officious duty,
Another ſhew'd the Palace and its beauty;
All which, thus ſhew'd ſo far beyond their merits
They rather thought dreams of their troubled ſpirits
Than reall objects, now they 'gan to ſhape
Them in their beſt attire, anew to ape
The ſeemlieſt poſtures, how they might preſent
The Token with a grace their Father ſent,
Then all of Table courteſie combine,
Becauſe they heard they with the Lord ſhould dine.

Gladly did *Joſeph* his affairs prorogue,
Now were deferr'd the needy *Catalogue*,
Imagine him returned to his houſe,
Where they with humble thanks, with hearty vowes,
In great ſubmiſſion proſtrate on their face,
Tender their Fathers Preſent to his Grace.
Sirs, quoth his Lordſhip, if I erre not much
You are the ſame, or very like to ſuch
Whom I as Spies ſuſpected. if y'are true,
Preſent that youngeſt Brother to my view:
Oft-times hath *Phœbus* wheel'd about his teem,
Yet you ne'r came to gain your loſt eſteem,
And yet, I fear, the day is yet to dawn,
Wherein you will redeem again your Pawn.
Sir (quoth they, crouching) we at length have won
Our wary Father for to ſend his Son,
Our former callow hopes again are fledge.
That you to freedome will reſtore our pledge.
As yet quoth *Joſeph*, doth that old man breath?
Hath Fate not yet betray'd him unto death?
Is death yet retrograde? hath yet your God
Unto your Famine ſet a period?
Great Sir, quoth they, our Father yet doth breath
Through heav'n and you, but no triumphant wreath
Of full-ear'd Harveſt crowns the Husbands brows,
Nor one ſmall Sheaf doth anſwer all our vowes;
Our Father lives, though not with wonted heat
His heart with healthy vigour yet doth beat;
As yet he lives, unleſs his life be ſpun
To th'utmoſt thread, through abſence of his Son;
By us he beggs you, Sir, (though we are rude,
And though of language indigeſt and crude)
This preſent as the Intereſt t'accept
Of a more vaſt, and far immenſe a debt;
Is this, quoth *Joſeph*, he of whom I ſware,
That being owes, and life to the ſame care,
Of the ſame Sire with you? they, on their knee
Falling ſubmiſſively, ſay this is he.
Let God, quoth *Joſeph* from his bounteous treaſure
Showr on thee bleſſings in a gracious meaſure;

I now my Cenſure willingly revoke,
Gladly releaſe your brother from this yoak,
Untill your miſerie be retrograde,
You ſhall b'admitted here in peace to trade.
Y'are proof enough, y'are of an honeſt tribe,
What doth this Preſent mean ? *Truth needs no bribe.*
Scarce could he Paſſion check, which would eruct
What he would have concealed, ſcarce obſtruct
His tears, which now like billowes rais'd by wind,
Diſdain'd within their cells to be confind;
Which leſt too ſoon they might excell his power
He ſtept aſide, and wept a plenteous ſhower ;
Thrice had he waſh'd his face, but tears did riſe
Too great a chanell for his conduit-eyes,
And he muſt ſtay their weeping, the extent
Of his large cells had too too ſmall a vent :
Thrice, had he lockt his door, but all in vain ;
For through the flood-gates broke the ſilver rain ;
Thrice, he in Paſſion, as he paſt the ſtair,
Did for his Brother hug the empty air :
Then muſt return, for tears again did trace
Their rivulets upon his blubber'd face :
Scarce could he with his Paſſion take a truce,
Scarce could he ſtop his tear-betraying ſluce;
His reeking cheeks, like Roſes rain-bedaſht,
Imagin from their ſtains at length were waſht ;
When Paſſions cloſe recluſe at length came down,
With looks importing, nor a ſmile nor frown,
None there deſpaired, through a ſtern reflect,
None by his pleaſant looks might him ſuſpect ;
At his command the Table ſtrait was ſpread ;
The Dainties uſher'd by a grim death head;
Where *Joſeph* by himſelf was ſerv'd in ſtate;
His honour had no rivall, knew no mate :
And *Egypt* 'mongſt all of the Univerſe,
With th' *Hebrews* might not eat, and ſcarce commerſe.
Now as each Brothers age excell'd in date
Of years, each one above another ſate ;
The eldeſt was not Lord, nor th' young'ſt his Page,
But each took place according to his age ;

To

To whom his Lordſhip ſent to each a diſh,
And ſo ſurpaſt at once, deſert and wiſh;
And as, though clouds ſhrowd *Titans* golden ray,
Through them, unſeen, he doth diſpenſe the day;
So *Joſeph*, though thus ſtrange, yet did diſpenſe
Kind welcome through his favours influence;
As oft the Sun doth through thoſe vapours pierce
That ſhrowd his beauty from the Univerſe.
So through his auſtere ſtrangeneſs, oft there ſhin'd
Beams of unwonted favour, while they din'd
On *Benjamin*, though few the cauſe could gheſſe,
Why he was ſerved with a five fold meſſe.
And though his Lordſhip by no means could brook
Exceſs his Butler, Luxurie his Cook,
No *Kickſhawe* wanting was, nor Courtly cate,
Which they enjoy'd in peace and jolly chat.
Now heav'n through grief of loſing *Phœbus* light
In mourning darkneſs entertain'd the night;
And ſtars like to obſequious Tapors ſhin'd,
As if lamenting that *their Lord* declin'd;
When *Joſeph* charg'd the Steward of his Corn
With early care t'anticipate the morn;
Yet ſleep the Howlets watchfull ſenſe benum'd.
Birds chirp their morning peals, or Beetle hum'd;
In plenteous ſort to fill each Brothers Sack,
Till ev'n they did with ſwelling plenty crack;
To give them for their journey and reſtore
In each ones Sack his Money as before;
And in the youngeſt Brothers Sack to knit
His ſilver Cup, *Love's waited on by wit.*
Soon as *Aurora* wept her dewy drops,
And jocund day peer'd on the mountain tops,
The careſull Brethren kindly were diſmiſt,
And when departing *Sol* the morn had kiſt,
His Lordſhip ſent his Steward on purſute
Of the late ſtrangers to their charge t'impute
T'have ſtoln his Lordſhips Cup, and thus to gloſs
With harſh expreſſions on a fault ſo groſs;
That if his Lordſhips late unwonted care
Wrought no impreſſion, yet how they did dare

T'abuſe

T'abuſe him thus, whoſe power like the Kings
Could reach far off like wide-ſtretcht Dragons wings?
That not deliberation could of time
Nor cloſe evaſions excuſe this crime;
That 'twas the Cup by which his Lord div'n'd,
No weak conjecture of a doubtfull mind.
This ſpoke, that by this means he might reduce
Them, on pretence to anſwer this abuſe,
The carefull Steward this command diſcharg'd,
And wiſely on the premiſes enlarg'd;
Soon like a biting froſt this fierce arreſt,
Nipt all the hopes that budded on their creſt;
Great Sir, quoth they, why ſpeaks my Lord theſe words?
They of our hearts diſſect the tender cords;
God, who Heaven rules, and Hells infernall vault,
Knows we are innocent, free from this fault,
Fearing miſtakes, we brought again our Coin,
Why ſhould we Gold or Silver then purloin?
Wee'll this offence not with pretences gild,
Truth needs no colour, let his blood be ſwill'd
By the ſevereſt Juſtice at a ſup,
With whomſoe'r is found his Lordſhips Cup.
Well, quoth the Steward, as you ſay, I'll deal,
Your words are juſt, and I to them appeal,
With whomſoe'r his Lordſhips Cup is found
Ev'n as you ſpoke, he ſhall my ſlave be bound;
But yee ſhall all be free through innocence,
Since each muſt anſwer for his own offence;
At this each willingly his Sack unknit,
While each one ſought himſelf for to acquit,
The Cup was found knit in the young'ſt his Sack,
At which ev'n all their ey-ſtrings ſeem'd to crack,
So ſtars as ſham'd of day I've ſeen to wink,
So have I ſeen the Snail being hit, to ſhrink
Within his ſhelly penthouſe, and now fail'd
Their eyes, as ſudden grief their ey-balls veil'd.
What ſhould they ſay? for to deny the deed
Did ſeem a ſhift weak as a *Nilus* reed
Which would both fail and hurt them, ſhould they lie,
What ſhould they do? who like a late-ſpawn'd frie

In the wild Sea, were ſubject to the prey
Of every greater fiſh, ev'n ſo ſeem'd they.
Sad *Benjamin* ſpar'd neither vowes nor oaths
To back his innocence, each rent his cloathes
And back in grief returned to the City
Submiſſively to crave his Lordſhips pitie.
Gueſs them return'd, to them the Lord begun,
What deed is this, quoth he, that you have done?
I gave you Wine, for which my Cup you ſtole,
Thought you I had not a divining Soul?
The fact is evident, then ceaſe to quilt
A web of ſpecious lies upon your guilt,
This aggravates what I of late ſuſpected;
Heav'n will not you ſhould thus paſſe undetected.
Great Sir, quoth they, you juſtly may upbraid
Us with your love, we juſtly are betrayd,
The fact is clear, what ſhall we then allege
To clear our ſelves? and who ſhall be our pledge?
Wee ſcarce have blood in all our veins, great Lord,
Enough to ſtain your Vice-revenging ſword;
Great Sir, we beg if bondage expiates,
Our Crime, then mercy rules among the Fates?
Nay, quoth the Lord, my heart's not Adamant,
No rocky Iſle where ſuch like *Furies* haunt,
Nor hath my Soul ſo liquoriſh a guſt
That nought but blood can ſatiate her luſt,
Mercy, and *Juſtice*, here, are neer a kin,
Our mercy here's ſtill greater than the ſin;
Think, I have pitty on your Fathers age,
Nor will enſlave you all in vaſſalage,
I'll onely recompence upon that Youth
That had my Cup, bonds, for his breach of truth.
No ſore-tormenting *Probe* unto the quick
More deeply ſearcht a wound, nor of the ſick
No launcet hit more ſure the maſter-vein,
Than did his Lordſhips words pierce through each ſwain,
Who ever thus, in tearms accutely coucht
Rub'd on the matter they would have untoucht;
Some beg'd, ſome wept, and ſome confus'dly mutter'd,
Some indigeſted reſolutions utter'd,

At

At laſt, quoth *Judah*, humbly on his knee,
Great Sir, yer what you ſpake your vow decree,
Let not your anger flame, that I, ſo rude
In language, and in habit, thus intrude;
You ask'd when firſt wee hither did repair,
Doth yet your Father breath the common air?
Have you alive a Brother more at home?
Our ſpeech in devious falſhoods did not come,
But kept the truths rode, quoth we, Our Father's old,
Half wearied Fate doth yet her diſtaff hold,
We have a Brother more, a youthfull page,
Whom *He* eſteems the comfort of his age,
His Fathers joy, ſince his deceaſed Brother,
The onely Son of his expired mother;
And ſince our Father's old, and lame, and dim,
He only walks, and breaths, and ſees in him;
Then ſaidſt thou, as a witneſs of your truth,
Bring down your Brother, let me ſee the youth;
Great Sir, quoth we, our Brother ſtands between
Death and our Fathers lamp as th'only ſcreen;
And *He* remov'd our Sires declining ſnuff
Would ſoon b'extinguiſht by ſome envious puff
Yet ſaidſt thou to thy ſervants, bring the Child,
If that you will we ſhall be reconcil'd;
All this we to our Father did rehearſe,
With the proceedings of our laſt commerce;
Our Corn exhauſted there was long diſpute
'Twixt Want and Nature, we renew'd our ſute
To him to ſend our brother, and at large
Importunately urg'd your Lordſhips charge;
So, quoth our father, were I moſt forlorn,
By *Rachaell* I had two children born,
Whereof one parting hence, became a feaſt
(Ay me!) I fear unto ſome ravinous Beaſt,
With whom fled half my life, then leave his Brother,
'Twere Parricide to take away the other;
O think, my ſons, ſhould you remove the prop
That ſtayes my age, I in my grave ſhould drop;
Were there a Chryſtall window in each Breſt,
We know no more than what we have confeſt;

Now ſhould we home, and leave his ſon behind,
As with Prophetick doubts his fear divin'd,
Both hope and life would fail him, ſhould I know
That I my ſelf were the unhappy Bow,
Through whom falſe death aim'd her remorſleſs dart
To the true manſion of my Fathers heart,
What ſhould I do? that ſhall both guilty ſeem,
Both of my Brothers loſs, and death of him;
I to my Sire was ſurety for the youth,
Have pitty on his age, and on my truth.
When death, quoth I, my lamp of life ſhall quench,
May my good name dy in a noyſome ſtench;
And with like vows I heaven did implore,
If I his ſon not ſafely did reſtore;
Then if my Lord pleaſe to reverſe his doom,
I'd gladly ſerve bound in my Brothers room;
Great Sir, be pleas'd t'admit me in exchange,
I'd weary cruelty, and mock revenge,
I'd count deaths ſentence but an idle breath,
Yer I'd ſeem guilty of my Fathers death.
Good Sir, have pitty, I would dare to meet
A Thunderbolt wrapt in a lightning ſheet,
Yer I'd provoke a Fathers angry gall,
Since *Parents curſes are Prophetical.*
As a new tun'd Cask of unpurged Wine,
Wind pris'ned in the earth, or like a *Mine*,
The one, if clos'd, will make a furious vent;
The other break forth in a thundring rent;
Such were his Lordſhips tears, ſuch was his joy,
Which Paſſion though it long ſeem'd ſtrange and coy,
And fickle in the wooing, th'end did prove
In it was coucht a Brothers tender love,
Which he no more was able to reſiſt,
Than the quick pulſe that thumpt within his wriſt;
And joy, like wind impris'ned in the earth,
Will ſhake th'hearts center but 'twill have a birth.
Now ſince he could no longer thus conteſt,
H'intended ſecretly t'unlock his breaſt,
Shame, that's ſins daughter, wer't not for this care
Might here have prov'd the mother of deſpair;

Open

Open reproofs, like an impetuous rain,
Do waſh away, but not refreſh the grain.
Now would he think to ſpeak, and then retreat,
Then on the prize his heart a charge would beat,
And thongh the cauſe, as yet, obſcurely ſlept,
Yet *Pharaohs* ſervants heard him while he wept;
At laſt he thus began, I *Joſeph* am;
Is th'Oyl yet ſpent that fed my Fathers flame?
This on the porches of their ears he beat,
But all in vain, that ſenſe had left her ſeat.
And with the eyes, by horrour ſcattered,
Had to the brain as an *Aſylum* fled;
Yet being the kingly hearts chief centinells,
He by degrees diſmiſt them from their cells:
For ſenſe-bereaving horrors are like lees,
Which being once ſtirr'd, will ſinke, but by degrees.
Now, when they ſomething had expell'd their fears,
Hee with theſe ſpeeches board anew their ears,
I am your brother *Joſeph* whom you ſold;
Is yet my Father 'mongſt th'alive inroll'd?
Come neer, and ſee, I have no falſe reſerves,
Come, on this viſage ſpend your viſive nerves,
I am the ſame as when you took my coat,
Though chang'd in hiew, and of a rougher throat,
Though heav'n have chang'd my Fortune, years my ſtature,
Nor time hath chang'd my love, nor clime my nature.
Fear not, the fact though groſs, ſhall not be blaz'd,
'Tis from the book of my remembrance rac'd,
Then judge your ſelves not raſhly, bleſs the deed,
For I was promis'd to preſerve your ſeed,
Two years are paſt, wherein remorſleſs dearth,
Hath knit the bowels of the teeming earth,
And yet theſe five years *Nile* in vain ſhall flowe,
The Husband-man in vain ſhall plough and ſow;
Like a true *Alchimiſt* hath providence,
Drawn Honey from the Poyſon of offence;
You ſold, God ſent me hither, heav'n be bleſt,
That turn'd your very ſin unto the beſt;
Haſt then, with winged ſwiftneſs, and infuſe
Freſh ſpirits in our Father with this news,

Say thus, ſaith *Joſeph*, whom thou thoughtſt to be
Seal'd in the boſome of eternity;
Thus ſaith thy Son, who, by the common vogue,
Was thought one of grim deaths large catalogue;
Thus ſaith our Brother, here I am ador'd
As *Pharaohs* Father, and all *Egypts* Lord,
Come down, thou with thy houſe, thy heards, and flocks,
Time limps away, methinks, with leaden ſocks
Untill thou come, accept of my advice,
Thine ſhall be *Goſhen Egypts* Paradiſe;
Let no delay this thy deſcent prorogue,
Leſt Famine in a fatall *Epilogue*
End thee, and thine; come, that with my Protection
I in ſome ſort may antwer thy affection.
The Sun five times ſhall paſs through all his Inns,
Till dearth ſhall fully expiate our ſins;
Mean while deſcend, and of my ſtore partake;
Since heav'n by me prepar'd it for thy ſake.
Haſt for your own ſakes, that I may refreſh,
And cloath your naked bones with tender fleſh;
My words and actions have not divers centers,
Both end in one, but if upon the tenters
This ſtretch your faith, beſide the foretold ſigns
Obſerve this viſage and its wonted lines;
Sweet *Benjamin*, bleſt were th' *Aſtrologers*,
If as I know theſe eyes, they knew the Starrs;
If ſo, though all events be cloſely ſeal'd,
No doubt the future ſhould be all reveal'd.
His Lordſhips ſpeeches were no ſooner ended,
But he and *Benjamin* together blended
Themſelves in cloſe embraces, both did lie
Entwined like the *Zodiacks Gemini*;
As if they meant, leſt we again ſhould part,
Come, by the ſtrings let's knit each others heart;
Their eyes now pay'd their long-retained debt,
Each on anothers neck entwined wept;
That done, the reſt with ſweet inviting phraſes
He even wearied in his cloſe embraces;
Then kiſt them all, and *Chorus*-like enquir'd
Again, is not my Father yet expir'd?

God

God will be ſu'd to, who no other task
Impoſeth on our wants, but this, to ask;
And though he ſeem long in majeſtick pauſe,
Not onely not to hear, but ſlight our cauſe,
'Tis but to edge devotion, to inhance
His Grace upon our Souls before he grants;
All diſtance then is chang'd to an imbrace,
Wrath falleth as a Vizzard from his face,
He not defers, nor his affection ſmothers,
Nor doth diſdain at all to call us Brothers;
As one that dreams he's falling from a ſteep
And tow'ring precipice into the deep,
Awaking finds himſelf free from ſuch harms,
And taking ſafe repoſe in friendly arms:
Such were the Brethrens fears, and ſad extremes,
Which now did ſeem but fancies and vain dreams,
When *Joſeph* in their Paſſions *Extaſie*
Reviv'd their ſenſes from their *Lethargie*;
With ſundry Paſſions were at once their minds
Like a Ship toſt 'twixt two oppoſing winds;
Now would they joy then grief, by ſhame being backt,
Their new reſolved greetings would diſtract;
The tears from divers ſprings ſeem'd to proceed,
Which they not ſo much ſeem'd to weep, as bleed;
Within their brain two floods at once aroſe,
Of joy, and grief, as when two Seas oppoſe;
Some wept, ſome weeping ſmil'd, like *Aprils* weather,
Which rains, then ſhines, then rains and ſhines together.
Now were they all reſolved to regreet
Their Brothers courteſie, but as a fleet
Which comming neer the harbour, back is thruſt
Into the Ocean by ſome angry guſt,
Shame would retard intention, ſome would ſmother
In ſilent whiſpering the name of Brother;
Glad *Reuben* though he gave to God the glory,
Yet bleſt perſwation, and his oratory,
And *Judah* though he ſold him, yet was bold
To ſay he joy'd though griev'd he thus was ſold.
Now they confeſt his Dreams no vain *Phantaſms*,
But heav'nly, and inſpir'd *Enthuſiaſms*,

Their

Their Sheaves and Stars had bow'd, the ſawcy Boy
Was now *their* Lord, and *Egypts* chief *Vice-roy*;
Glad *Benjamin* admiring the reſults
Of their immanity, thus now exults,
A Brother loſt, and found, is worth like mirth,
As if you joyed at a Brothers birth;
Come then let's triumph, for who could expect
From this ſo bad a cauſe ſo good effect?
To hear the Lord ſpeak; how he was re-ſold.
How often faſhion'd in afflictions mold,
His Chaſtity, which with a full mouth'd blaſt
Shall fill Fames trump as long as time ſhall laſt,
How he ran Chance as blind as ever painted,
Yet he by adoration thus was Sainted
In mens opinions, would make a dint,
And deep impreſſion in hearts of flint;
For joy ſome ſwounded, and each circumſtance
Of each relation ſtruck them in a trance,
Each paſſage made each minutes time the mother
Of ſome new joy, ſo one joy crown'd another:
Had th'whole world ſeen each act, heard each rehearſall,
No doubt the joy had here been Univerſall.
T'expreſs the triumph fully would extort
Deſcriptions treaſury, undoe report.
Now tell-tale Fame hath with a nimble wing
Proclam'd theſe tidings to the Court, and King,
Who thus to *Joſeph*, placed next his Throne,
We to thy Fathers care, thy Mothers grone,
All owe our lives, nay more, for to him ſeeng
Thou being ow'ſt, we owe him *all* well being;
Now ſince he liveth, and the fatall Star
That blaſts our Kingdomes plenty, ſpreads ſo far
Her fatall influence as *Canaans* clime,
Send for thy Father, on our Souls this crime
Shall not write *guilt*, that *He* amidſt our ſtore
Should faint, *whom* for thee, all are bound t'adore;
To *Him* alone for thee all *Egypts* bound
So deep, more than conceit hath line to ſound;
Thy duty ſhall joyn iſſue with my will,
Since his one life exceeds the num'rous Bill

So

So far, that daily doth attend our gates,
As doth one *Phœnix* life whole clouds of Gnats;
Thus by thy Brethren ſay, wee, youth, and dotage,
Both lofty Palace, and the lowly cotage,
Owe thee, the Father of a Son ſo bleſt,
More than by *Hieroglyhick* can b'expreſt;
Thus ſaith the King, let not thy thoughts be gravell'd
In doubts, thy *Joſeph* who my Dreams unravell'd,
Which all our *Sophies* did in vain examine,
Shall nouriſh, and protect thee in this famine.
Which though it have ſet limits to my wiſh,
And ſcarcity doth ſeaſon every diſh,
Delay not thy deſcent: for thou deſerveſts
The greateſt meaſure of our ſev'n years Harveſts.
This to thy Brethren ſay, go take the beſt
That *Egypt* yeelds, and lead each man his beaſt,
Since that remorſleſſe dearth to death proſcribes
Your aged Father and his hopefull tribes,
Think *Egypts* King for *Joſeph's* ſake deplores
Your empty Wine-preſſes and threſhing-floores;
Go, bring your Father down, if *Egypts* Map.
Have land whoſe poares breath a more vigo'rous ſap
Than *this*, that is more fertile and more pleaſant,
Come down, none ſhall reſiſt thee, *Peer* nor *Peaſant*;
This ſay, and for thy Fathers eaſe take Waggons,
And for thy Brethren, ſpare no ſprightly Flaggons
To ratifie their welcome, ſince with them
Thou art a Branch ſprung from the ſelf ſame ſtem.
Glad *Joſeph* was that *Pharaoh's* thus inclin'd
To what before he had himſelf deſign'd;
Envy could not upbraid his want of love,
So much he did the means, and time improve,
Scarce *Morpheus* could at all betray his ſenſe,
But care would counter-charm *His* influence,
When bright *Hyperion* mounted *Phlegons* back,
He gave command to fill each Brothers Sack,
To all he gave proviſion, leſt the length
Of the large journey, ſhould exceed their ſtrength;
To each (remitting their unnat'rall quarrell)
He bounteouſly gave changes of apparell;

To *Benjamin*, beſides five change of rayment,
Three hundred ſilverlings in courteous payment;
To *Jacob* thus, a choice *Viaticum*,
And to reward his Mirrhe, Spice, Balm, and Gumm,
Ten Aſſes load of thoſe beſt things, in which
Egypt is held moſt happy, and moſt rich,
And ten ſhe Aſſes load of Corn; *cloſe thrift*
Seems baſe, where princely duty wills a gift.
Their Aſſes ready, and their juſtling Waggons,
Leſt that our *Joſeph's* (ſhould like *Cadmus* Dragons
Fierce teeth-ſprung Brethren) when they fail'd in words,
Diſpute the matter with their angry ſwords,
While each one to acquit himſelf attempted,
Who from that former rage was moſt exempted,
At leaſt, they might expect to be ſurpriz'd,
The lot of quarr'ling ſtrangers not advis'd,
As a ſmall Fleet, who, in a forreign Sea,
While each ſhip would maintain a private plea,
And rudely mutiny amongſt themſelves,
Is ſunk, ſurpriz'd, or daſht againſt ſome ſhelves;
For fear of which events you may conjecture,
Joſeph thus to his brethren reads this lecture;
You may remember, but I wiſh that it
You could ſo ſoon forget, as I remit,
When you conſpired my deſtruction,
As if your hearts were gravell'd into ſtone,
Or rib'd with ſteel, congeal'd t'an Iron maſs,
Yet though your Bowells thus were cramt with Braſs,
Mine now are ſoft with pitty, may you find
As here of body, alway peace of mind;
Confeſſion cancells all, and I accept
Acknowledgement, as if you pai'd the debt;
Your pardon is with many favours ſeal'd,
Which time ſhall ne'r ſee cancel'd, age repeal'd;
For which grant this one favour, 'tis but one,
That you forget the wrong that you have done,
I, in oblivion have lai'd it deep,
Then dig't not up again, but let it ſleep;
Both for your Fathers, mine, your ſafeties ſake,
Drink, to it all a draught of *Læthes* Lake;

Take

Take my example, 'twas I had the wrong,
'Tis I that ſor your reconcilement long;
Since I forgive it, in diſſentious ſort
Do not one on another it retort?
Diſſent not in the way, leſt that you teach
Strangers to take advantage on the breach;
Adviſe with Policie, if not with Love;
Nay, with the Serpent, if not with the Dove;
Serpents will not ſting Serpents, nor will cruſh
The Cockatrices egg, then Brethren bluſh,
That Reaſon's law to that of ſenſe ſubſcribes,
Should Brethren quarr'll with Brethren, Tribes with Tribes?
With ſuch advice as *This*, you may ſuppoſe
Our carefull *Joſeph* did his farewell cloſe.
Ev'n thus our Saviour yer his laſt he breath'd
Peace, his laſt *Legacy*, to *his* bequeath'd;
Who, if he now ſhould come, would look to find
Us, as he left us, of a peacefull mind;
And if both Poles did now to ruine reel,
Did th'world its pangs of diſſolution feel,
Would *he* not find, adherents did increaſe
More to the Prince of diſcord than of peace?
While that old *Jacob* fervently did burn
In expectation of his Son's return,
Gheſſe them come home, who to their Father thus,
The Sum of their proceedings did diſcuſs;
Dear Sir, you cauſeleſly accus'd Fates knife
To have bereft thy *Joſeph* of his life;
Unleſs that *ſhe* again have knit his cord,
For *hee* yet liveth and's great *Egypts* Lord.
My Sons, quoth he, my Meditation chewes,
And dubiouſly doth ruminate your newes,
O be adviſed, when my *Joſeph* di'd
My tears ſtow'd high, ev'n at their higheſt tide
But if you mock my grief, I drown in tears,
My heart of *Joſeph* an impreſſion bears
Too deep to be forgot, inhaunce not griet,
Leſt you incur a Curſe, not win belief.
Dear Sir, quoth they, what's by theſe Waggons meant
There's twenty Aſſes load that he hath ſent

As dutious Pledges? thoſe our change of cloaths,
But if theſe fail, believe us on our oaths.
So now, quoth he, theſe evidences draw
My Faith as ſtrong, as Vouchers do in Law;
Speak thick till th'vapours of your breath condenſe
Ev'n to the ſmoth'ring of my hearing ſenſe;
I've ſurfeited with ſorrow, but this joy
Is ſo tranſcendent, it can never cloy,
My ſoul would hence, and leave her truth behind,
How ſhe diſdaineth thus to be confind!
My ſenſes ſeem too weak to hinder her,
But ſhe would hence my winged harbinger;
O for ſome Eagles pinions, or ſome Dragons
With wide-ſtretcht wings to waft along our Waggons;
Their motions are too dull, O would their wheeles
Were ſwift as *Titans*, or the ſlippery Keeles
Which with a Sphear-like ſwiftneſs cut their way
Through the wide Boſome of the yeſty Sea;
I'll down and ſee my Son, and yeeld my breath
In *Joſeph's* boſome, and then welcome death.
Conceive him on his journey, with his train,
When in the Viſions of the night, his brain
Receiv'd the *Ordinance* of *Pharaoh's* love
Confirmed to an *act* from heav'n above;
And ſeal'd with promiſes that God would bleſs
This his removall with a good ſucceſs;
And with aſſurance that he had decreed
The ſafe returning of his num'rous ſeed,
Gueſſe *Judah* likewiſe ſent for to direct
His Fathers face to *Goſhen*, then reflect
Your thoughts on *Joſeph*, who you now may gather
In gallant equipage did meet his Father,
Imagine with what triumph at the laſt
Earth-rending ſound, and tomb-dividing blaſt,
The widdow'd Soul will welcome the return
Of her dear Body from the ſleepy urn;
With ſuch like joy, your fancy may admit,
Were *Joſeph* and his Father ſweetly knit
In twin'd embraces, as if they each other
Would cramp in chained arms, or meant to ſmother

Each

Each other in their kiſſes; haſt thou ever,
Beheld a Gardner while he did diſcover
Two ſprigs aſunder, then to joyn by craft
Two divers parts in one entired graft;
Ev'n thus was *Jacob* twined with his Son,
As if they meant to grow again in one;
Iacob could onely with glad tears diſpute;
For as great ſorrow's dumb, great joy is mute;
Ev'n ſo did *Joſeph*, at his Brethrens ſight
His eyes but drizled, now they rain'd down-right;
For tears are badges both of joy and ſorrow,
Both Paſſions do alike the viſage furrow;
Dear God, quoth *Iacob*, then in num'rous chace
Tears purſue tears upon his reeking face
Bleſt heav'n that alwayes thus doſt me reſtore,
Unleſs 'twere heav'n I could wiſh no more;
Sweet Son, I know theſe eyes, this roſie cheek,
That thus in dutious tears doth ſweetly reek,
Since yet thou liv'ſt, Fate finiſh out my glome,
And let my Soul on wings of joy fly home,
But yet, my darling Son, great heav'n forgive,
If I for thee do yet deſire to live;
My tears ſhall tell the reſt, my lungs are weak,
If not, I know not what I more ſhall ſpeak.
Sir, quoth his Son (then tears in a full ſtream
Choakt the proceedings of his dutious theam)
Dear Sir, my ſwelling Breſt will burſt aſunder,
Like wind-ſwoll'n Clouds rent by the heavens thunder,
My mouth a veſſell of a narrow bore,
That muſt by ſlow degrees vent forth its ſtore,
Though pay I cannot what your love deſerves,
Yet to requite I'll ſtretch my utmoſt nerves,
Since Seas repay, through crannies of the earth,
Streams to the Springs from whence they had their birth,
Then why ſhould Children if advanc'd by Fate,
Neglect their Parens in a meaner ſtate?
But yet I boaſt not, that my power is ſuch,
But joy, I've means t'exprels my love ſo much;
Though heav'n have freed me from the ſlaviſh yoak
Of heavy bondage, that he hath not broke

Of filiall duty. *this* that thus doth deck
With gawdy Ornament my gorgeous neck,
I count leſs honour, than that dutious bond
In which I ſerve thee; do not then deſpond;
I Father am to *Pharaoh*, but will be
A true, obſervant, dutious Son to thee;
No bleer-ey'd ſorc'rers, nor *Egyptian Wirds*
Shall hurt your perſons, wrong your Flocks or Herds,
Thy crown of ſilver hairs I'll ever hold
In greater honour, than his Crown of gold;
Honours null not relation, th'Oceans flood
Alters not *Nilus*, nor can honour, blood,
It tickles oft the temper with conceits,
But as for me, honour on duty waits;
I'l goe before, and as your true Attorney
Poſſeſs the King of your intents and journey;
My Father, and his houſhold, flocks and droves,
Have late left *Paleſtina's* Sun-parcht groves.
And down are come, whoſe cognizance of old,
Both was, and is, a ſheephook and a fold,
Which ſhould his Grace demand, ſpeak, I beſeech,
According to the tenour of my ſpeech,
And ſince th'*Egyptians* ever entertain
A Shepheard, both with fury and diſdain,
You may in *Goſhen* ſafely live, and trade,
Where for your Flocks are Paſtures, Wells and Shade.
And thus you may, if thus you wiſely deal,
Inſtate your ſelves in *Egypts* Common-weal.
When Love with Policy had thus conſpir'd,
Imagine *Joſeph* to his charge retir'd,
Where he without a dilatory pauſe,
Thus to his Sovereign, pleads his Fathers Cauſe;
Dread Sir, what am I? a dead dogg, or flea?
That thou ſhouldſt grant my ſute, or hear my plea?
Who firſt thy favours didſt to me impart,
And then lookſt on me worthy of deſert,
To all which wouldſt thou adde this one requeſt,
I'd count it greater far than all the reſt;
My Father, and my Brethren late are come,
And have left *Canaan* their native home,

Their ſtomachs bark for food, their bodies lean;
Their looks are meager, and their teeth are clean,
And Dearth more fierce than either Wolf or Fox,
Hath from the Paſtures ſcarr'd their Heards and Flocks,
Which with them they have brought, and all to prove
The promis'd bounty of his princely love,
That while Dearth falls unto her loweſt eb,
Their threads of life may to a peaceſull web
Of ſafety here be ſpun, whoſe hearts do pant
In expectation of thy Princely grant.
This ended, quoth the King, My darling Prince,
I rather will inlarge, than baſely mince
My promiſe to evaſions, I applaud
Thy filiall love, nor power ſhall, nor fraud,
Oppoſe, or circumvent you, no, my gem,
I love the Branch, nor will neglect the ſtem;
Since I ſent for him, he and his affairs
Held room in equall with my choiceſt ears.
Joſeph triumphing at theſe bleſt events,
Five of his Brethren to his Grace preſents,
To whom, quoth *Pharaoh*, by what labours ſweat
Have you your ſuſtenance, are cloath'd, and eat?
Do you the Sullow hold, or tug the Oars?
What trade expells your vigour through your poars?
Dread Sir, quoth they, we are but ſimple worms,
Or ſuch like creatures of deſpiſed forms;
Yet not to grate thy ears with vain digreſſion,
Ours, and our Fathers trade, is by ſucceſſion
To feed our Flocks, and ſo by careſull thrift
Our providence enlargeth heavens gift;
We feed them, they feed us, and leſt we freeze
In Winter time, they cloath us with their fleece;
When *Phœbus* firſt diſplayes his golden locks,
We ſend abroad our Heards, diſmiſs our flocks,
And while he chears the world, with careſull hook
We them protect, defend, and overlook;
And when the Sun again withdrawes his gold
From th'Weſtern hills, we pin them in our fold;
We are by famine from our homes divorc'd
No idle vagrants, but are ſadly forc'd;

We

We dig in vain for Springs, our Wells are ſunk
Down to the Center, and our Earth is ſhrunk
And bak'd to ſtony clods, whoſe chaps in vain
Gape for the ſhowers of refreſhing rain;
Now we intreat thee in this time of Dearth,
That art the onely Father of the earth,
Let us in *Goſhen* live, where both are Rocks
Fit for our Goats, and Paſture for our flocks;
We'll in the Land not plant our ſelves, nor build,
But ſojourn in our Tents as ſtrangers ſhould,
We'll all be ruled by thy Country lawes,
And with our labours feed our hungry maws;
At this, quoth *Pharoah*, Sirs, do not deſpond,
To ſuch it were no weakneſs to be fond;
Your Brother makes you nigh, as if each vein
Swell'd with high blood, and of a nobler grain;
Nature none equalls unto me in blood,
Who ſhall partake more freely of our food,
Then ſhall your Father, and your ſelves, I grant
You may in *Egypt* freely build and plant;
This ſaid, thus unto *Joſeph* he inſiſts,
Dear *Joſeph*, I, my Peers, and princely Prieſts,
Thy Fathers comming do congratulate,
And likewiſe with thee, all condole his Fate,
Yet though the Sun ſhoot forth his ſcorching beams,
The air diſtill groſs dewes, and rotten ſtreams,
Our Fields forbear to ſpring, our Trees to bud,
And *Nile* deſiſt to yeeld his fruitfull mud:
As if the Skies, had with the earth combind,
To act the ruine of all humane kind;
My *Genius* tell me, and I more than hope
Thy Fathers, and each Brother *Horoſcope*,
With kinder aſpect, happier things foretold,
And that 'tis in Fates Notaries inroll'd,
That *Egypt* is deſign'd (without diſpute)
Their ſafe *Aſyle*, from Famines fierce purſute:
All *Egypt* is before thee, if our Land
Have any part untouch'd by Famines band
Of ſcourging plagues, as *Goſhen* moſt is known,
Let them poſſeſs that Country as their own,

They

They ſhall not be as Meteors for a time
Exhal'd, but as fix'd Stars in *Egypts* clime:
And if thou knowſt one fit to feed my Herd,
Let him unto that Office be prefer'd.
This ſaid, old *Jacob* by his carefull Sonne
Was brought, and placed neer to *Pharaohs* Throne;
Where, having breathed on the King, and Peers,
A bleſſing both of Peace, and many years,
Grave, Sir, quoth *Pharoah*, we our thanks retort,
And welcome thy deſcent unto our Court;
Thy dutious Son was for his Father zealous,
I and my *Peers*, were of thy ſafety jealous,
Leſt Famine having draind our Fields, and Cells,
Should leave you, like ſo many barks and ſhells,
Sans coar, or kernell, ceaſe thou to requeſt,
Live boldly on thy *Joſeph's* Intereſt.
Who ſees the Sun, but reaſon wills for ſhame
To praiſe the Author of that glorious flame?
And who ſurvives his neighbour in thoſe dayes
Who for the Son will not the Father praiſe?
Thou haſt a Son whom all the world muſt prize,
Leſs worth hath been ador'd with Sacrifice;
An Angell ſent from heav'n, could not have done
More than preſerv'd us all, ſo hath thy Son;
'Twas he, that when all Charmers were nonpluſt,
Inchanters all were dumb, my Dreams diſcuſt,
All Sorcery as huſht, now with their Spells
Let them recruit their Garners, and their Cells;
Aſtrologie's undone, now let them dine
On joynts of *Taurus*, or ſome empty ſigne;
I'll make no nice enquiries, I have had
A full rehearſall of thy life and trade.
Thus thou wouldſt ſpeak, but I anticipate
Thy ſad complainings, which would thus debate;
That as *Deucalions* flood drown'd all the Earth,
Some fear leſt it diſpeopled be by dearth;
That your Earths chaps yawn like ſo many graves
To ſwallow you, unleſs that plenty ſaves,
That Famine's grown a Monſter of huge ſtature,
Which not with few content, exacts on Nature;

Since plenty, as if Bankrupt of her ſtore,
Keeps private houſe in *Egypt*, you implore
Thy *Joſeph* being her Steward, ſhe would daign
T'accept thee, and thy ſons, amongſt her train;
I'll not impoſe upon thy lungs a task
Of large, long-winded anſwers, but this ask
Since Nature in thee fails, thy eyes decline,
And in thy two-leav'd Spheres withdrawes their ſhine;
And each decaying part doth ſeem to crave
With bended ham of ev'ryland a grave;
How long was't ſince thy Souls inſpired flame
Poſſeſſion took of this declining frame?
Dread Sir, quoth *Jacob*, rudeneſs, are, and age
Unfit to act upon a Kingly ſtage,
A hundred, and full thirty years I've ſeen,
Both few, and evill, all my dayes have been;
Nor have I yet attained to the age
Of my fore-Fathers in their Pilgrimage;
Though I am antient, I may truly ſay
Sorrow, as well as age, hath made me gray,
'Tis grief poſtdates my time, which 'twere but vain
To think that joy can antidate again:
An ounce of grief emacerates the fleſh
More than a pound of joy can it refreſh,
Sol ſooner may regrade his morning track,
Than joy can change this gray to youthfull black;
If I've a Son, whom all, of all degrees,
From thoſe that fry, ev'n unto thoſe that freeze,
Under their Zones, are bound to praiſe, and love,
Impute it not as his, but Gods above;
Let not the Husbandman give to the clod
That glory, which is onely due to God;
Yet if his merit be ſo much, and more
Than he can be made Bankrupt of, w'implore
That you would lay it, (if our charge ſurmount
Your expectation) on my Sons account.
This ſaid, again on them he bleſſings breath'd,
And them, departing, to his God bequeath'd;
And glad he brought his wiſhes to this cloſe
Reſigns himſelf as *Joſeph* ſhould diſpoſe.

Gheſs

Gheſs him in *Goſhen* next, where he immerds
The fruitfull Paſtures, with his Flocks and Heards;
I'th' Land of *Ramiſſes* he liv'd, a ſoyl
Which Famine could not of its vigour ſpoyl;
And though it laught not, now, with kinds of grains,
It ſmil'd with Paſtures to delight our Swains.
To him by *Joſeph* all reſpect was ſhown;
No Manumiſſive *Corbon* yet was known
To *Superſedeas* a Son, for he
Still gave, yet ne'r eſteem'd himſelf as free;
No, though he cheriſh'd had his age, as long
As *He* by him was nouriſh'd being yonng;
For filiall dutie's Gods command, no *Bull*
Can it repeal, no Vote can change, or null,
No wit, or art reverſe it, no mans joint
Carv'd it, 'twas ſculptur'd by *his* fingers point
That publiſh'd it by thunder, and *His* bolt
Or worſe, ſhall vengeance take on their revolt
That dare oppoſe it, for they who explode
Duty to Parents, next will theirs to God.
Old *Jacobs* Cells were ſtor'd with Wine, and Corn,
As full and free, as was that plenteous Horn
Jove gave his Nurſe, ev'n ſuch was *Joſeph's* love
Unto his Father, great as that of *Iove*;
Nor time, nor charge could dull it, even ſo
Wells if you draw them, will the freer flow.
Nor was our *Joſeph's* duty onely ſuch,
But to his Brethren was his love as much;
Though for their former rage he once ſeem'd ſtrange,
Yet now they found in him a bounteous change,
As pardon is the daughter of Contrition,
So love's the common iſſue of remiſſion;
He, who was like the Sun, that could diſpenſe
Upon the mean'ſt his bounteous influence,
Could not neglect the *Starres*, could not deny
Unto his Brethrens want his gracious eye;
Not like to ſome, whoſe proud advanced height,
Looks on all other men as out of ſight,
As fixt in higher Sphears, out of the view,
And the *Horizon* of the common crew,

As if conceit of honour with th'affection,
Had likewiſe chang'd the temper and complexion;
But *Joſeph* thought it honour to deſcend
His Brethrens Father, and his Fathers friend.
Now more and more the Dearth began to rage,
Advancing on in horrid equipage;
New maladies outbrav'd the *Phyſicks* skill,
And deſp'rate murther acted now its will,
Faintneſs had ſome confined to their Beds,
As if Dearth meant to ravell out their threds,
Or if ſhe ſcorn'd the common way, by knife,
And meant t'untwind their fatall glomes of life;
The Barns were empty, where was nought, unleſs
The mournfull Owle, to wail their emptineſs;
The gawdy gallants ſpirit now grew dull,
And wiſh'd a Garner for his Wardrobe full;
His *Robes* no better than the Beggers *raggs*,
The poor mans *Scrip* good as the rich mans *baggs*;
Though Gold be cordiall, it but to the ſight,
But a ſad meale to hungry appetite;
The clown that thought that metall was divine,
Had rather find a *Garner* than a *Mine*;
Were *Nile* a *Tagus*, and each ſand i'th' ſtream,
Such ſtones whereof *Philoſophie* doth dream;
Yet *Midas* now, would gladly change his wiſh
For roots, or Acorns, or ſo mean diſh;
The Harveſts paſs, the Clown no longer reaps,
But now his Husbandry lay all in heaps;
O'r-grown with Burrs, rough Thiſtles, Docks, and Sedges,
The Culter ruſted, and the fruitfull Hedges
Now with diſorder'd boughes grew perewigg'd,
None plow'd, prun'd, planted, ſow'd, manur'd, or digg'd;
Dearth ſo purvei'd for Death, now were the rodes
Wherein they juſtled with their plenteous loads,
So much o'r-grown, through ſcarcitie of men,
Each fearfull Beaſt there boldly made his den;
Each houſe as empty ſtood, the owner's dead,
As were their Bodies, now their Souls were fled;
Each look ſo meager, none could know, almoſt.
Where 'twere the man that walk'd, or elſe his Ghoſt,

Who,

Who, now with weakneſs, bow'd their feeble hams
Like late-earnd Lambkins, yer they ſuck'd their dams;
The Oxe i'th' Commons motionleſs did lie,
The Gum down-roping from his pale dead eye,
The Cow lob'd down her head, the raw-bon'd Aſs
His mouth was foul with half-chew'd roots of graſs,
Each Beaſt half ſtarv'd, drooping the ſide, and hip,
Not moving for the Scourge, goad, ſpur, or whip;
Unto the Cities there was no reſort
Except of Crows, who tore in knaviſh ſport
Their dead,, and ſtill, impatient of delay,
Rookt on the houſe tops, waiting for their prey;
Their ſtreets o'rgrown with rubbiſh, ſeem'd t'expreſs
Unto the eye a civill wilderneſs;
So pining Dearth had ſhriv'led each ones skin,
With looks diſtorted they did ſtrangely grin,
Which when they view'd in glaſſes, and in brooks,
Amazedly they ſtartled at their looks;
In fine, a task that lames both tongue, and pen,
All nothing, but the ſhales, or husks of men;
This while, had *Egypt* for all kind of grains
Exchang'd their Coin, their Jewels, and their Chains,
All which our loyall *Joſeph* never wreſts
To his own uſe, but adds to *Pharaohs* Cheſts;
This ſtore exhauſted, you may gheſs for bread,
Thus the *Egyptians* to *Joſeph* plead;
Dread Sir, great *Pharaoh's* darling, *Egypts* Saint,
Vouchſafe a patient ear to our complaint;
We have for Corn exchang'd our coin and gold,
And yet Dearth rageth as your Grace foretold;
Our Barns are empty, not through our default,
Nor hath an en'my ſow'd our Fields with Salt;
None enviouſly have choakt our Fields with ſtones;
None of theſe things are authors of our mones;
Great *Nile's* offended, and no wonted ſhout
Awakes the *Echo*, ſince no flood ran out
Through his fat banks, cut by our num'rous troops,
No, *Nile* within his ſhallow chanell ſtoops;
Our Money faileth, and who will not hold
A grain of Corn well worth an ounce of gold?

Our hopes are faild, and when the main-ſpring Hope
Is out of tune, the leſſer wheels will ſtop
Of joy and pleaſure; yet we'll not deſiſt,
Since in thee bounty hath with goodneſs kiſt.
Think on thy honour, let it not be ſaid
That we now periſh, whom you firſt didſt aid;
Redeem us from the jawes of Death, which boon
Will make thy fame ſhine bright as *Titans* noon.
Sirs, quoth the Lord, my troubled heart doth languiſh
In true imagination of your anguiſh;
Yet though I you condole, I hope each knowes
That I diſpenſe as *Pharaoh* doth diſpoſe;
Yet will he grant (ſuch is his mild remorſe)
Corn in exchange for Heards, and teams of Horſe.
Glad was all *Egypt*, nor at all deferr'd
T'accept his love, each brings his team and heard;
On which exchange they liv'd this year, yet pind
In ſad conceit of two years yet behind,
More then with food refreſh'd; ſo ranging Deers
Fear more emacerates, than plenty cheers.
The year being ended, which as in a ring
It ſelf within it ſelf again doth bring,
Sad *Egypt* having all their cattle ſpent,
Which Induſtry had got, or Fortune lent,
Gheſs them in a full preſs, with bended ham,
And proſtrate faces, unto *Ioſeph* came;
Great Sir, quoth they, now this is the third time
We have appeald to thee, and yet no prime.
Is *Nile* after ſo many years effluxions,
Th'earth weary grown after ſo oft productions?
And ſo expects like an exhauſted ſoil
A reſt and reſpite from the wonted toil;
Our Share ruſts, and our tools that digg'd the earth
Hang like ſome *Trophies* dedicate to dearth;
Each body here's her *Obelisk*, that bears
Her triumph Grav'd in meager Characters;
Since *Pharaoh*, firſt, our Cauſe to thee refer'd;
There's none but hath exchang'd his Teem and Herd,
Wee not a Beaſt detain, there's none, great Prince,
That can thy ſervants of ſuch fraud convince,

Now

Now if our perſons may, and each ones land
Ioyn'd with thy love, in equall ballance ſtand
With one years diet more, we have to boaſt,
Nor will as yet eſteem our ſelves as loſt;
So *Pharaoh* ſhall a double title have
In each one, of ſubject, and a ſlave;
View but theſe looks well, thou wilt not demur,
Nor will thy pity need another ſpur,
Thou art our noſtrills breath, why ſhould we dy,
The breath of all our noſtrills being by?
And ſince now's the laſt year, by fate decreed
That Dearth ſhall rage, we further beg ſome ſeed
To ſow the land, that it may be reduc'd,
Which in its ancient *Chaos* lies confus'd.
Sirs, quoth our Lord, my heart with you condoles
The bitter anguiſh of your troubled Souls,
Yet 'twere a ſin in me beyond excuſe,
Should I not all diſpence to *Pharaohs* uſe,
Yet as I pittie what you have diſclos'd,
So will I grant you what you have propos'd;
Gheſs *Ioſeph* now for *Pharaoh* wiſely changes
Bread for their Fields, their Mannors and their Granges,
And with the Citizens for *Pharaoh* Barters,
For Corn, their Houſes, Liberties, and Charters,
And that their lands and rights might all be known
By ſome clear evidence as *Pharaohs* own,
Th'*Egyptians* were to Cities far remov'd;
To the lands end, ſo *Pharaohs* right was prov'd,
Yet the Prieſts lands, and *Iſis* Princely *Flamines*,
Became not *Pharaohs* nor the greedy Famins;
As if 'twere Sacrilegious extortion,
Ev'n in this Panic ſale to buy *their* portion;
Nor were they famiſhed, for *Pharaohs* ſtores
They made as bold with, as their threſhing floors;
And which, thoſe Prieſts who, then, ſerv'd *Iſis* Cow,
Or they that ſerve the Lamb of heaven, now,
Are worth moſt honours? reader, fear, and pray,
Leſt *Pagans* judge us at the latter day.
Gheſs *Egypt* now, were in a full convention
By *Joſeph* ſummond then to ſoft attention,

To

To whom, quoth he, Sirs there is none but knowes,
And will acknowledge ſtill, with thankfull vowes,
That y'are preſerved, not by common Power,
Since *Fate*, and *Fortune* on you all did lower,
If *Pharaoh's* bounty did not intervene,
Your Play were marr'd now in the latter Scene;
And you, like long-toſs'd Veſſells, ſhould fall ſhort,
And drown within the kenning of the Port;
Now ſo will *Pharaoh* as you do importune,
In true commiſeration of your fortune,
Not out of Avarice for to ſupplant,
But out of pitty to ſupply your want;
Be't then in *Egypts* Notaries inroll'd,
That y'have your lands, and ſelves to *Pharaoh* ſold,
Lo, here is ſeed, go, ſow the land in peace,
Which with its former vigour ſhall increaſe;
Whereof a fifth part you ſhall grant the King,
You now being ſafe under his Graces wing,
You for your houſhold ſhall the reſt reſerve,
To nouriſh them, *Bread's natures chiefeſt nerve.*
This he Enacted, and a Statute ſeal'd,
Which to this day's not cancell'd, nor repeal'd;
At this quoth *Egypt*, moſt renowned Prince,
Whoſe trueſt *Hieroglyphick* were a *Lynce*,
For as with *him* compar'd, each creature's blind,
Each ſpirits dark to thy inlightned mind;
Nature (the worlds great Soul) muſt needs confeſs
Thee alone her preſerver, th'world muſt bleſs
Thee the ſole cauſe, thy pitty and remorſe,
That Dearth on both, now acts not a divorce;
To thee we owe, we here converſe with men,
And not with Ghoſts, in deaths unſavoury den;
Thee, that our Wives by her impartiall Bawd
Not raviſh'd are for death; we praiſe, we laud,
Thee, that our children, like ſo many elves
Shrink not to nought, but yet look like themſelves,
Admit us ſafe, under thy Graces wing,
Renowned Prince, ſo will we ſerve the King.
Grant now that debt that *Adam* did ingage
All men in, Death hath claim'd of *Jacobs* age;

Who

Who ſwearing *Joſeph* to tranſport his bones
Hath breath'd his laſt in bleſſings on his Sons;
Grant *Ioſeph* next, by generall ſuffrage
Attended on in mourning equipage,
His Fathers corps (to *Canaan* brought) inter'd
In *Machpelah*, ſo of his oath was cleer'd.
When *Iacob* thus had deaths arreſt obeyd,
Conſcience within the Brethren 'gan t'upbraid
Their old offence anew, thus guilt would plead;
Their Brothers hate but ſlept, though it ſeem'd dead,
Occaſion now might wake it, th'end might prove,
That with their Father, di'd their Brothers love;
That wounds are dang'rous when they inward bleed,
And if their Brother all this while ſhould feed
Upon revenge, ſince full rage now had vent,
It's poys'nous rancour ſhould on them be ſpent.
Fear by guilt raiſed ſeldome is remiſs,
Till in concluſion hope and pardon kiſs;
Nor were our Brethren negligent, but ſtrove
To gain firm int'reſt in their Brothers love;
Yet ſo conceit had of their weak demerits
Diſſolv'd their courage, and outbrav'd their ſpirits,
That they came not, but ſent, nor durſt they frame
The meſſage in theirs, but their Fathers name,
Know'ng if their ſute in *Iacobs* name were coucht,
'T would like a Charm, not ceaſe till it had touch'd
Their Brothers midriffs with remorſe, 'twould wreſt
A ſoft remiſſion from his melting Breſt;
Great Sir (this was the burthen of their ſute,
And thus they humbly taught to proſtitute)
Thus ſaid our Father, yer in *Ephrons* Urn
He pawn'd his body for his Souls return,
Thus in my name you ſhall to *Ioſeph* ſpeak,
Remember not thy Brethrens ſin, nor wreak
Thy juſt revenge upon their hate, which ſin,
Than all their ſinns in groſs hath greater been;
Remit what God hath pardond, and in this
On their ſoft Souls thy pardon ſeal with *His*;

Thus did our Father bid, whoſe Soul above
Hovers with bleſſings yet to crown thy love;
Now this offence remit we thee intreat,
Whoſe hearts with true devotion truly beat
Of *Jacobs* God, t'whom from our hearts ariſe
Zealous affection in Sacrifice.
For Gods, for *Iacobs* ſake, our fault remit,
Though we for neither would at all acquit
Thy innocence, and if it yet appears
Thy rage doth flame, we'll quench it with our tears.
Mild *Joſeph* pitying their anxious fears
Could not but ſecond grief again with tears,
Now griev'd he they ſuſpected him, and wept
Then joy'd their conſcience not ſecurely ſlept.
Now, as one having foil'd a fell diſeaſe
Wherein he long hath labour'd, doth not ceaſe
Untill that *Phyſick* ſhall the reliques purge,
Which after might in wonted *Symptoms* urge,
Ev'n ſo the Brethren though they now might judge
Their Brother reconcil'd, and that no grudge
Did ſwell his peaceſull Breſt, but that with tears,
He entertained had their anxious fears;
Yet Conſcience never leaves her nice inqueſts,
Till in the Boſome ſhee of pardon reſts.
Nor were the Ten remiſs till they found out
By true experience they had nought to doubt;
Wherefore all in a perſonall ſubmiſſion
Thus beg their Pardon, and thus couch contrition;
Neither preſum'd they on an equall greet,
But thus fell proſtrate at their Brothers feet.
Dread Sir, in *Jacobs* name, and for his ſake,
We come to ſecond what our meſſage ſpake;
Thus *Jacob* ſaid, yet he enjoy'd on high
The bleſſings purchas'd by his lamed thigh;
This in my name to *Ioſeph* ſpeak, pray blot
Thy Brethrens ſin (if it be not forgot)
From thy remembrance, ſince they are convinc'd,
And their Souls in repentant tears are rinc'd;

Trample

Trample not grief, guilt is a greater ſcourge
That can revenge inflict, or Juſtice urge ;
'Tis true, the fault was great, and to be brief,
Such as me thinks yet ſtartles my belief ;
Yet think not on revenge, their fault forget,
And let not rage uſurp mild mercies ſeat ;
This did our Father bid, before his death ;
Yet Angells ſuck'd his Soul out with his breath,
And now we hope, our fault did not ſo harden
Thy heart, but tears may melt it to my pardon.
Huge winds, they ſay, are ſtill'd by little rain,
Then let not all our tears thus fall in vain.
Thou at firſt ſight, we hope, was't reconcil'd
For ever ſince thy carriage hath been mild ;
And if yet mercy in thy Breſt bear ſway,
Our hopes are anchor'd in a happy Bay.
If not — but then their paſſion grew ſo high,
That with th' *Apoſiopeſis* of a ſigh
They there muſt ſtop ; to whom quoth *Joſeph* thus.
I know already what you would diſcuſs ;
'Tis true, your fact was groſs, and ſince y'are come
If you want tears, I here will lend you ſome
For to lament it, God did you prevent,
And unto good did wreſt your bad intent,
Who hath ſo many ſav'd alive by one
Unworthy perſon as you ſee is done ;
I long for no revenge, but that you ſentence
Your ſin to death by an unfeign'd repentance ;
Tears are the blood I thirſt for, ſince to God
Belongs revenge, I'll not uſurp his rod ;
Yet ſince you fear I will revenge your deed,
That falſe ſuggeſtion doth from guilt proceed ;
For though there be no cauſe, yet buſie guilt
Still holds her hand upon her Daggers hilt,
Envy doth burn like fire, and then no doubt
But once in ſeventeen years it would break out ;
But yet, thus may your buſie guilt inſiſt,
My cords of friendſhip, you may doubt, were twiſt

Upon my Fathers heart-ſtrings, and guilt durſt
Infer, perchance, both were together burſt;
Fear not my Brethren, this the end ſhall prove
That guilt's a traitour which miſconſtrues love;
Doubt no cloſe malice, fear no poys'nous rancour,
But in this Boſome let your hopes caſt anchor,
I'll nouriſh you, reſpect you little ones,
And when I die the like will charge my Sons;
With ſuch advice as this you may ſuppoſe
Mild *Ioſeph* did his ſatisfaction cloſe;
Ev'n ſo as theſe, Gods Saints do never ceaſe,
Till through repentance they have purchas'd peace.
I in Gods mercy ioy, that he did die
A ſacrifice for me yer I was I,
Yet can I not but grieve, and grieving mourn,
That I him crucifi'd yer I was born,
Nay greater cauſe of grief, for, I'm the *Iew*,
And him each minute crucifie anew,
My ſighes ſhould wing me to ſome Hermites Cave,
Where with my nayles I'd hourly dig my grave,
And there would live a ſorrowfull Recluſe,
Tears ſhould be *Helicon*, and grief my Muſe,
And as an *Anch'ret* would my ſelf immure,
Yet live in tears a gawdy *Epicure*.
When *Ioſeph* fully pardon'd had this crime,
Admit a certain Intervall of time,
When Fortune (*ſerving, whom ſhe can't ſeduce*)
As proud of his acceptance, grew profuſe
T'wards *Ioſeph* in her favours, which he took
Still with a thankfull, not ambitious look;
Vertue commandeth Fortune, and doth clip
Her wings, or holds her like an anchor'd ſhip;
Nor doubted he, leſt that with giddy changes,
She ſhould vacillate in her wonted ranges,
God who Alph' *and* Omega *is, is love*
Which ſtill doth Alpha *and* Omega *prove*;
Thus *Ioſeph* long in honour liv'd, the ſtrength
Of whoſe old age extended to that length,

That

That his Poſterity to three degrees
Deſcent he ſaw, and on his aged knees
Were *Machirs* children brought, *Manaſſeh's* Son;
So might he boaſt as *Iacob* once had done,
Who comming one o'r *Iordan*, was increaſt,
When he came back, a Nation at the leaſt.
Now as the glorious Sun, who proudly oft
Hath rid in triumph through the azurd loft,
Anon meets an *Eclips*, which, in a brook,
If view'd, affronts him with a gloomy look,
So death (which makes a falling-Star of each,
Although he mount unto the higheſt reach,
And altitude of honour in his Sphere)
Began to threaten *Ioſeph* with ſuch fear;
Rude death eſteems not honour, and Fate dooms
With equall ſentence Monarchs and their Grooms;
Shuffles the Beggers ſcabs, and Ladies paint
Into a clod, nor Villain knowes nor Saint,
So *Ioſeph* with the mean'ſt of *Adams* race
Muſt feel th'arreſt of Deaths imperious Mace;
When Fates black-bed-roul of diſeaſes 'gan
T'aſſault the ſuburbs of his inward man;
He (conſcious of his weakneſs) 'gan to doubt
His Souls frail manſion could not long hold out;
Wherefore his Brethren he, as one convenes,
To whom, Sirs, I perceive what heaven means,
For death (Gods Bayliff) with his Ebbon Scepter
Stands ready to arreſt me as his debtor;
Nought but my life acquits me, and each day
Preſents my ſenſes with ſome new decay;
Now Brethren, ſince you know my youthfull Dreams
(Th'event can witneſs) were no idle theams,
I'll ſpeak a truth too now, but it propounds
Its burthen to your thoughts on ſurer grounds;
'Tis truth, as if 'twere by the heavens hoaſts
Proclaim'd, and witneſs't by our Fathers Ghoſts;
That God will ſure, in his appoined time,
To *Can'an* bring you back, your Native clime,

Which *Abr'ham*, *Iſaack*, and to *Jacob* both,
He gave by promiſe, and confirm'd by oath,
Then do not my expiring ſpirit grieve,
Nor forfeit *Can'an* by your unbelief;
Believ't, as if each of you (as an heir
Unto Gods promiſe) now breath'd *Can'ans* air;
Record it on your Souls, in after years
Let theſe my words ſtill echo in your ears;
And when you ſee th'event doth not fall ſhort
Of expectation, ſwear for to tranſport
My bones with you to *Can'an*, for I luſt
To be diſſolved with my Fathers duſt;
So *Joſeph* yeelded to the Fates, ſo old,
That he an hundred and ten years had told;
Did all the Muſes Springs unto my brain
Pay Tribute, as all Rivers to the Main;
I could not weep him as he was, nor fits
My creeping ſtile with *Egypts* tow'ring wits;
Yet thus conceive they mourn'd, th' *Aſtrologers*
Began to curſe the baſe-revolting Stars;
Could one command the *Sun*, he'd make him burn
As an obſequious Tapor on his Urn;
The *Moon* a ſecond, then unto his Hearſe
The yeſty Sea ſhould pay its brackiſh tears;
A third the *Orbs*, then he would make them meet
On earth in honour for his Winding ſheet;
A fourth the *Air*, then ſhould ſome Meteors ſhine
Like to a Fun'rall lamp ſtand o'r *his* ſhrine;
A fift the *Earth*, then ſhould her teeming womb
Spread a continued *May* about his Tomb;
A ſixth command the *Fire*, then he would bid
A ne'r-to-be-extinguiſh'd *Pyramid*
Blaze on his Hearſe; A ſeventh would ſet forth
Fit *Hieroglyphicks* to deſcribe his worth;
Pharaoh deveſted of his Kingly State
In mourning wailes *Zaphnath-Paaneahs* fate,
The princely Prieſts lament, and *Iſis* Cow
Within her Temple did in mourning low.

Th'em-

Th'embalming Doctor not at all forbears,
But with his Odours doth commix his tears;
One, in commemoration of his alms
With *them* his name as with ſweet odour balms;
Grief witty grew in ſome, each day his years
Some vie with ſighes, and ſome, his months with tears;
'Twere infinite to quote their Fun'rall Odes,
Endleſs for to deſcribe their mourning Modes;
Fit Mourners were they all, whom you might ſee,
Nature had deck'd in mourning *Cap-a-pe*:
But this large task had dull'd my tyred Muſe,
My fingers are benum'd, my Pen's obtuſe,
Leave him in *Egypt*, where on this Divorce
Worms ſweetly fed on his embalmed Courſe.

FINIS.

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